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Baroness von Bülow,  
on her way through the United  
States and Canada in the spring of 1897  
bearing the message of her aunt  
the late Baroness von Marenholtz-  
Bülow.

# GREETING TO AMERICA

REMINISCENCES AND . . . .  
IMPRESSIONS OF MY TRAVELS  
KINDERGARTEN SUGGESTIONS

BY

BARONESS VON BULOW

*Translated by L. E.*



NEW YORK  
WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARISON  
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HASTILY collected are these reminiscences of my hurriedly gathered impressions, which in these little fleeting sketches I now send back over the ocean. But deeper than all the many impressions I received in America lies the affectionate memory forever engraven in my heart of the kindness, love and hospitality everywhere shown me. To my dear friends in America, these pages bring my greeting.

BERTHA BARONESS VON BÜLOW-WENDHAUSEN.

*Dresden.*



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# GREETING TO AMERICA

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## CHAPTER I

### IMPRESSIONS ON SHIPBOARD

"AH, now dear old Europe has sunk into the water," I sighed, turning from the little window of the Lloyd steamer saloon after a last lingering glance at the vanishing rocks of England.

The amiable old lady from Boston to whom I spoke, looked at me sympathetically for I had realized in that moment what it means to leave behind all that is dear and familiar, to venture on a perhaps dangerous and certainly wearying journey to a strange country. But then I thought of *her*—the dear, never-to-be-forgotten one—who bravely carried to the greatest distance, the new teaching of Froebel "the gospel of childhood and the wisdom of motherhood" even when uncertain how it would be received.

Carrying out her last wishes I was now on my way to America to deliver her counsels and her blessings, and with this mission I brought the story

of the life of this noble, self-sacrificing and beautiful woman, the biography of my aunt, the *Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow*.

Friend and apostle of Friedrich Froebel, she had devoted her life's best efforts to the propagation of his work. Stirred by the recollection of all *she* had done, my weakness disappeared, I dried my eyes and prepared myself to face bravely and hopefully all the trials that might come.

The first to appear was a heavy storm lasting for a week and delaying us for three days. It was the worst of all the eighteen ocean voyages the Boston lady had experienced. One after another the faces disappeared that had become familiar during the first days, and loneliness reigned in the saloon where I sat in solitary state, amused by the questioning glances of the waiters who were wondering when I would be the next to go.

Every now and then a gentleman would glance into the saloon, rashly mount the steps leading to the deck, and grapple desperately with the well fastened door only to be thrown violently backwards down the stairs to land on his head with an ominous noise. After a few moments he would raise himself by aid of his hands and feet and the slender columns of the saloon—and with an embarrassed smile and hasty uncertain steps, disappear into the mysterious depths of the ship. Here the wind always blew a gale, and tossed one from side to side

until the elbows ached; at last the tiny cabin was reached, but it was in vain that one sought rest and comfort on the narrow hard sofa.

As I was forced and thrown by the ship's pitching and tossing from sofa to bed and from bed to sofa knocking my head each time, I finally grew weary with the struggle against the elements and went resignedly to bed where I clung during the storm.

It was not an enviable position to feel quite well and yet forced to lie day after day on a more than hard mattress weighted down by four heavy covers that had long ago lost their warmth through frequent washings. I lay as though chained to the spot. No wonder I began to question, "Why on all the ships and in most of the trains are the beds so frightfully hard, the seats and sofas so straight and narrow, and the cushions and covers so unlike what the weary body craves?"

Time I had, also, to watch the gray and green waves as they came dashing at irregular intervals against my window. I listened first with fear, then with the apathy of habit and lastly with interest, for it became clear to me why the ancients always pictured the sea god borne by wild prancing steeds with dripping, floating manes, for wonderfully suggestive of the snorting and neighing of horses were these sounds of the sea, and when the crests of the waves were lashed and storm-driven in long yellow and white flakes, one could easily imagine their flut-

tering manes. Then my eyes wandered from window to door, hoping to see it open to admit the smiling stewardess, who appeared as was her wont, several times a day with a welcome well-filled tray. No want of the inner man or woman was left unsupplied by the caterers of the steamer's company, and I ate and ate again, often only to keep myself from ennui—varying the process by occasionally interviewing the friendly stewardess.

“Do you like these voyages?”

“Oh yes, why not? I've been back and forth from Bremen to New York for twenty-seven years.”

“Has anything remarkable ever occurred in all these years on any of these trips?”

“Oh no; only once a kind lady died on the way over and left me her earrings, but the captain would not let me have them.”

Then I continued, “Have you ever seen any icebergs, shipwrecks, whales or sharks?” Of course not, for how could she be expected to see these things when she was and had been hurrying along for twenty-seven years, always on her way from the kitchen to the cabins and back again! Only think of it!

As she had confided to me that her one great happiness on this earth was to have an hour's rest and perhaps sometimes a nap during the regular dinner hour, not for the whole world would I have robbed her of this occasional pleasure; so, often, I lay with

the heavy tray on my arm, carefully guarding it against the ship's violent motions, until the stewardess, remembering my existence, came to remove and replace the tray by another bountifully filled.

There came a time when I could no longer care for dishes and glasses, for the storm grew into a hurricane almost, and the ship tipped until my window dipped into the sea, and I waited with nervous apprehension until it rolled back to the opposite side where my head, following its direction, bowed itself to the wall which I saluted. Then one day suddenly the storm ceased, and all was still. Nothing was heard but the dreary, dismal sound of down dropping rain on the promenade deck above me, and after a little, I found this unbearable too.

As after that dreary night the gray morning dawned, the steamer also lay at rest. I rubbed my eyes,—did I dream, or was I really awake? Land, at last! Through the mists of rain I distinguished a point of land quite near; a flat uniform coast covered with low lying trees, still leafless. While every one in a state of great excitement was springing out of bed with a renewed desire to live, the steamer was again set in motion and we were steaming on our way and soon were in the harbor.

Not very comfortable and somewhat dangerous was the disembarking, for each one of the passengers was hurried along unattended down the slippery gang-plank, grasping the wet rails with one hand

and holding a dripping umbrella in the other. Eventually we emerged from the depths of the surrounding fog, and into the customs department on the dock, where we waited the coming and inspection of our trunks.

When I saw with what patience and good nature the Americans prepared themselves for this ordeal, seated on the first of their trunks to arrive and comfortably covered with a traveling rug, I too yielded to the inevitable and complacently waited.

How gladly I greeted the welcome sight of the amiable young lady, Miss Amalie Hofer, of Chicago, who was to accompany me on my travels through America. After what seemed hours of waiting, we were at last seated contentedly side by side in a carriage, on our way across the river to New York.

I landed in America in the rain, but during my entire eight weeks' trip, only bright sunshine for the most part, prevailed. At least I felt as if sunshine was around me everywhere.

Among flowers, letters, numberless invitations and cards, I received my first visitors in my hotel in New York—the lady reporters.

## CHAPTER II

### THE LADY REPORTERS

THEY greeted me with intelligent, eager looks and observing eyes, carrying with them their insignia of office, note-book and pencil, bringing the latter into use with the air of knowing what they wanted and determination to get it.

This retinue of well-poised, bright, congenial personalities met me always so persuasively and tactfully, and stood by me so bravely constantly to the end—the first to greet me as I entered my hotels and the last to leave me; whenever we shook hands at parting we had become friends, these lady reporters and I.

In Europe I had never known their type and the picture I had formed of these reporters was very different from the reality—for there was nothing of the proclaimed emancipated, or the assumed masculine in their bearing, but instead I found them always lady-like and thoroughly womanly, entitled to and receiving the same respect as is accorded to those who do not have to buffet with the world.

It was always with great interest that I watched these indefatigable workers who so courageously

face public life and who toil so zealously for the paper they represent. That their vocation is a great strain to mind and body must be admitted—for they must be ever ready, both night and day for every call, and “always on the jump” as they say of themselves. Now on the docks and at the stations in the fog of early morning or in the gloom of night, waiting often for hours and days as they did for me; then starting on their round of professional visits to the notables of the day, followed by lectures, concerts, receptions, church weddings, and sermons; many times traveling short and long distances alone, across continent or ocean on the shortest possible notice. How often I heard them so so—perhaps, “I must start for Honolulu this afternoon,” or “I leave for Europe in the morning.”—Yet, despite this calling of incessant work and exciting variety I found them always vivacious and alert, eager and enthusiastic, to record everything of public interest, and always ready with kindly suggestions to the stranger. Yes, I love these reporter friends, although they were sometimes a bit imaginative.

It is my habit to speak freely of what I think and feel, and to express my views about whatever interests me, but often when I joked about my novel experiences, out would come with an energetic jerk, their pencils to record what they said was “so nice,” and I would have to hold them fast with the entreaty, “Please don’t put that down.”



There were indeed many little stories to laugh over. Once while I was in the Eastern states, an old lady who had come two hundred miles to attend my lecture, handed the doorkeeper ten cents for the privilege, as she said of seeing a "real, live Baroness." The gentleman, taking the money, escorted her to the platform where I stood with my right hand swollen and exhausted, sunk to my side, for I had in seven weeks shaken hands with fully 11,000 people. Extending my other hand to the old lady, who was staring at me blankly, I said with a smile, "After all the left hand is the better hand, for it is nearest the heart," and she certainly took more than her money's worth in hand-shaking and staring. On passing the gentleman who had taken her money she said without changing countenance, "I didn't pay too much." He handed me the ten cents (my value to some one) and I kept it to recall an occasion which gave me much amusement.

When the anecdote appeared in the papers, the reporters had added, "And the Baroness says she will take the ten cents to Europe to show to the Emperor and her other friends."

And what speculations were rife about my white broadcloth suit. Although the reporters often saw me in other dresses, a fact they mentioned incidentally, my white cloth gown invited endless flights of fancy, and in the West was considered analogous to the yellow silk jacket of the Mongolian—a sign of

my rank and a privilege of the Bülow family to wear.

And again, when by a stroke of their pen, my hair was transformed from flaxen blonde to dark brown, or my hats described with such a difference of opinion as to the trimming, it was amusing.

I remember reading in one of the daily papers, "Yesterday the Baroness wore a small bonnet trimmed with tulle, and a rose that looked almost natural"—when in fact, the rose was a natural one I had tucked into my hat, that being then the European spring mode. Even my nostrils were written about and commented upon,—but I forgave everything—because whatever was written of me was always so kind and considerate.

When I begged the reporters not to write so much of my personality, but rather to tell why I had come, of my mission and the great Froebel cause, these sympathetic women glanced at me understandingly and responded at once—sitting for hours long in my room, and copying patiently and without rest, full extracts from my lectures. And for what they gave the public of my message, I am most sincerely grateful and appreciative.

The first lady reporter who greeted me in New York was young and exceedingly pretty, with large black eyes, and with the gentlest manners. When she said to me, "My husband is very ill and I must work for him," I was deeply touched by her words,

and could well understand them. Later I saw the broken-down invalid; but *she* stood by him, brave, beautiful, and helpful—*his guardian angel*.

## CHAPTER III

### WASHINGTON AND OTHER CITIES

LIKE a wonderfully exquisite pearl in the crown of all the beautiful American cities, and in its radiant Spring setting—so appeared Washington to me.

The first tender greens enveloped the magnificent white buildings with their proud columns, like a shimmering golden veil, and lighting the picture was a deep blue, sunny Southern sky, beaming smilingly upon the broad tree-lined avenues and the numerous intersecting parks.

Never shall I forget the incomparable beauty and charm which this city held for me, nor the impressions which were mine during my all too short stay in this delightful center, for everything contributed to my interest and pleasure.

Here I saw for the first time the colored people. It was on a holiday and they poured into Washington from all the neighboring towns and now appeared the originals of the pictures that had so often amused me in Europe and America. The wonderfully and fearfully made, highly colored costumes that never fitted the wearers, and the artistic negro gentleman in holiday attire, long cigar in the side of

his mouth, green umbrella tucked under one arm, and both hands in the deep pockets, with weak legs and weak knees, and a slouchy, slack gait—a free man in a free country.

I quickly made the acquaintance of the interesting and picturesque negro children, the piccaninnies (or as I always called them the "*piccadillies*"), and asked them their names first, and then to repeat after me, "Froebel" and "Bülow"—both very hard names for Americans to pronounce; they invariably say "Fraybel" and "Buelo."

It was with extraordinary interest that I studied the many Senators and Representatives whom I saw in the Arlington Hotel. As I observed their finely developed heads and the well arched foreheads, I got the impression that the Americans had certainly chosen those who would most fitly represent them.

I looked later in the capitol with absorbing interest at the statues of the Presidents who one after another had guided the destiny of this wonderful nation. When again I saw the heads and faces that indicated such power of thought and ability to execute—surely, I thought, the Americans must have possessed, from the very beginning, the faculty of wise choice. For their leaders they had taken men with ripened judgment and master grasp, who had been able to appropriate from older civilizations all that was necessary for their own country's development. Added to that, what their own intelligence supplied and their in-

ventive genius created and behold the great United States, unique among the nations, with a history of little over one hundred years.

For what after all in the history of civilization is one century? but what in that time and in this country, has it not created and accomplished, and one can but admire and marvel at the giant work of this mighty nation.

In the Congressional Library, that gem of buildings, I met an old white bearded gentleman who watched me with lively interest as I walked about, talking with great enthusiasm. Bowing courteously, he said with a smile, "Madame, if you go on in this way, you will soon be in Heaven." "Very well," I laughingly rejoined, "I will be content if the sky there is as beautiful and blue as it is in Washington."

The strong, old tree which is shown with pride to visitors, reminded me with the doors and windows hewn out of its trunk, of an unsightly wooden chest. Transplanted from its home in the wilderness where it grew in all majesty, and thus transformed, in civilization, it presented a sorrowful picture of loneliness rather than grandeur.

In Washington where he had invited me, I then made the personal acquaintance of one of the most distinguished men of the time—Dr. Wm. Torrey Harris, Commissioner of Education. The name is

an eminent one in Europe as well as in America, and Dr. Harris is well known and highly respected as a scholar and an authority on all matters of education. In him, the Froebel cause has a zealous friend, for he long ago recognized in the method the foundation of a new education.

It was the greatest comfort to me to be able to talk with this sympathetic thinker about the sacred cause that is so frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood, and so often misjudged and deeply injured. Words but inadequately express my gratitude for his careful reading of my aunt's Biography, and his favorable and appreciative criticism of the same. and also for the admirable preface he has since written for the work. His judgment is certainly of inestimable value.

Each one of the many cities I visited during my eight weeks of travel, presented another but an equally interesting picture, varied only by characteristic touches sharply defined. Cincinnati certainly showed some peculiarities.

There is missing in that part of the city that lies on the Huron, the soft greens of other cities, but the verdure concentrated itself in the hill overlooking and in the beautiful suburbs.

Everything is lifted in Cincinnati by elevators, men, carriages and even electric cars. From airy green and sunny slopes and heights one looks down

upon a busy work-a-day world, beneath, just as one glances back on a bright Sunday holiday to the stony, dusty week-day road.

Baltimore and St. Louis gave me my first impressions of the real South. Although in the luxuriantly wooded parks of Baltimore and the country seats which I visited, with their countless trees, I expected to find shade and coolness, the southern warmth, even with all the foliage about, and in these early months, was intense. A week or so later when I reached Chicago and hoped to find it cooled by the lake breezes, the heat was unbearable.

Chicago—busy, bustling Chicago, of all the cities most remarkable and extraordinary in its history of struggles and aspirations. Fifty or sixty years ago, only swamps and fields covered the country over which Indians and hordes of wild cattle roamed, and to-day towers this gigantic city over a territory of such immense stretches that it takes hours to go from one part of the city to another.

Nowhere did I see such an example of the American hurry as is evident here in Chicago—such a restless ever moving on state of excitement seemed to possess every one. Even the cars and bicycles went at greater speed, and when one looked down the endless vistas of streets and avenues, one wished that even the horses might have wings.

And then the prevalent anxiety to catch cars and trains; why, it communicated itself after a little, to



those in carriages and hansoms even. While in other cities I held my own for activity and liveliness, I am sure that in this city where everybody and everything moves with such rapidity, I must have been considered almost "slow."

The mental activity appeared to rush along at the same pace in Chicago, where I observed also the modern tendency, so creditable in its intentions, of wishing to share all gifts of culture with others, especially those of the lower classes. So of course every one is busy working for his or her "settlement," Kindergarten or society, attending lectures and meetings always with the object of helping or being helped.

In the pursuit of business or pleasure, work or philanthropy, the picture Chicago presents is one of moving and hastening on.

It was in this progressive city that I saw for the first time churches appropriated for other uses than religious service. Never shall I forget my astonishment on hearing at a commencement, "Lunch will be served in the adjoining church." Did I understand rightly? Impossible, I thought. Yes indeed, for shortly after a charming reception was given me in a little church, with roses, tea, ice cream and love ballads sung with piano accompaniment, and on the following day, I lectured for the first time in a large church. No one else seemed to think it strange, but my voice was quite carried away by my feelings as I

found myself speaking from a pulpit for the first time.

Later I appreciated with gratitude the fine acoustics of the quiet church. So often in the ordinary halls, I was obliged to over exert myself in order to be heard, and owing to the noises from the street penetrating, interruptions were necessarily frequent.

The Americans as a rule do not seem to mind where they lecture, but talk or read on with a placid indulgent amiability to the end. But I had brought over land and sea and into the very heart of America, a message of great importance, and I felt that it was both necessary and urgent that every word of it should be heard and understood.

Once I entered a hall in a large city, and saw a lady evidently lecturing. Although I strained with sharpened senses, to catch a word, I could hear absolutely nothing. I looked at my companion with a terrified expression. Had I become suddenly deaf? Oh no, she too had heard not a sound, and all those in the adjoining rows whom I questioned said the same thing. No doubt the few who sat in the foremost rows in front of the lecturer enjoyed the privilege of hearing.

While I was in St. Louis I was invited to lecture in the hall of a large Kindergarten, and when I began six Canary birds started their songs. Of course their cages were immediately covered and the birds si-

lenced. But I was not a little interested and amused by the remark of a lady in the audience—"Froebel would never have done so; he would have permitted the birds to go on singing and have their pleasure." Oh if they had known the prophet so eager to make his mission understood!

In the fine concert hall that Chicago possesses, I heard Mendelssohn's oratorio of Elias given under the leadership of Mr. Thomas, who has rendered such great service to the musical world of America. It was magnificently produced and most ably conducted, and I never heard it given better in Europe.

It was in Chicago, too, that I saw again that admirable woman, deserving of every honor, Miss Susan Blow, who had been my aunt's most promising pupil and friend. Indefatigably has Miss Blow worked for the spread of the Froebel method, and in the right way, and wherever her pupils go, there will be found the true Kindergarten and the carrying out of all Froebel's laws. In spite of bodily pain, but with richly endowed mental strength and energy, she has carried his teachings far and wide, bravely and undauntedly.

It was with great happiness that I listened to her lecture in Chicago, and it did my heart good to express the admiration I felt for her. With deep emotion, I presented her, at the close of her excellent address, with a laurel wreath tied with the German

colors. I could not make a long speech in my broken English, but a few spontaneous words expressed my sense of fellowship and appreciation.

I said in substance, "Dear Miss Blow, allow me to bring you the most cordial greetings from the German Kindergartens, especially those of Dresden and of the Froebel Stiftung itself. It is a happy thought this feeling we share, that although the ocean separates Europe and America, the same wish unites us—the desire of all thinking women to work for the better education of childhood and thereby benefit all mankind. Take from my hand this German evergreen wreath as a token of my admiration for the American Kindergartens and your services to them."

The applause of the many hundreds of Kindergartners present testified to their appreciation of my tribute to their well beloved and honored Miss Blow.

*Milwaukee* and *Toronto* lie picturesquely on the great lakes; how pleasant it was to see in these regions, and on our way further into the East, the charmingly planned smaller cities and towns. Here the crowded tenements gave way to detached cottages and single houses, grass plots, lawns, and beautiful trees, and I enjoyed thinking of the families that owned these homes, small as some of them were, coming after the day's hard work to rest and be refreshed under the shade of the trees. For the music

of the rustling leaves brought a message of compensation and a lulling sense of the harmony of the universe. Ground is not so valuable as in New York and Chicago, where the poor are forced to live crowded in houses built into the sky because the earth is so precious.

Beautiful Toronto! It lies before me in the brightness of Spring coloring as I looked down upon it from the princely villa of my honored friend and host, Consul Nordheimer, and over the park and green meadows to the blue lake beyond, where white, mysterious clouds arose from the mists of the Niagara.

It was my good fortune to enjoy here also the greatest kindness and hospitality. The Canadian Minister of Education, Mr. Ross, received me most cordially, and although a great physical sufferer, insisted upon personally conducting me through the museum he had founded, and he also presided as chairman during my lecture delivered in the fine hall connected with this building.

The well-known and highly respected Mr. Hughes, School Inspector, and his amiable wife, both enthusiastic disciples of Froebel, were most considerate and attentive, and from them and others on the platform where I spoke of school and youth gardens, I heard the most welcome and touching eulogies of my dear sainted aunt, on whose mission I had come.

Most reluctantly did I take leave of this friendly

city, the only part of the great Canada vouchsafed me to visit, much to my regret. From all I could gather, the Kindergarten flourishes in Canada, and under such able and intelligent supervision as both government and state accord it, one can rest satisfied as to the result. As the Minister explained to me, a school garden had already been started, and this was indeed most gratifying.

Although New York and Boston bear many resemblances to European cities, they have at the same time so much that is characteristic of their own country that one feels at once that one is in a different continent.

*Boston*—worthy of its many claims—the city of “high thinking”—and to me beautiful in its repose after the bustle of other cities, where business seemed of such vital interest. Very distinguished in their severity were the red-brick houses built after the English pattern, and looking as though closed for the season. But the stiffness and uniformity of the architecture were relieved by the soft green vines of Japanese ivy which here, as in New York, trailed over the portals and windows of the churches and climbed the porches, sides of the houses, and up to the chimneys even, fluttering gracefully in the sea breeze.

Despite the fact that I was told that the body of water which separates Boston from Cambridge is

fresh water, and I never saw the ocean, I could tell and feel that it was quite near. Here in Boston, besides the sea breeze, one breathes as it were in an atmosphere of culture. With the utmost respect I entered halls of learning where earnest men and women were busy with their studies, and as respectfully I visited the great Library with its thousands of books. The learning of Boston and Cambridge is not buried in these volumes, but shines in the intelligent faces and eyes of their students.

It was with great regret that I left these charming people, who besides their earnestness, and despite their studies, have a fund of humor and seem to enjoy keenly whatever life offers of fact or fancy.

I was deeply moved while visiting the Peabody House in Boston, dedicated to the memory of Elizabeth Peabody, foremost among the pioneers of the Kindergarten movement in America. And now that another building, the Marenholtz Bülow Home, testifies to the reverence borne by this appreciative city for her teacher, the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow, it will be my great pleasure and honor to give its library the first printed copy of her Biography.

## CHAPTER IV

### AMERICAN WOMEN

OFTEN when I recall my travels in America and "fond memory brings the light of other days around me," it is with a feeling of tenderness and longing that I think of her dear, kind sympathetic women. Wherever I went they took me to their hearts and made me welcome, and with their ready intelligence and quick understanding, gladdened me on my way.

They were very different from my preconceived idea of the American woman, I must confess. It has not always been to the advantage of America, that the manners of her men and women have often been judged by the behavior of many wealthy travelers in Europe, who no doubt took more liberty and enjoyed greater freedom than they would allow themselves at home, as the laws of good breeding are the same in all cultured circles of the world.

Although I did not come often into direct contact with the public at large, going about everywhere in carriages, an experienced traveler with the habit of observing much in a glance, I could not fail to be impressed with this fact. Everywhere, on the streets, in the cars and trains, and in the leaves



of the so-called "funny papers," which so often reflect the sentiment of the times, one felt the atmosphere a clean one, the morals pure and the manners polite—and it was so good to see the universal homage tendered to the American woman by her countrymen—a compliment to her status highly gratifying and reflecting at the same time, the greatest credit on the manhood of the nation.

Despite the quickness prevailing in America, and the general businesslike air, I found the women for the most part quiet—almost too quiet at times, with a repose of manner that no doubt, the good tone of their society demands—and with no signs of haste there, or in their homes.

With their graceful figures, delicate, refined features, characteristic thin lips, with their occasional traces of pain or suppressed suffering, resignation, and their fine foreheads, and the soft, often beautiful, eyes, under the smooth brows, they looked at me so kindly and with an expression so motherly that, stranger as I was, I felt myself sheltered and befriended.

Highly intelligent, with a great readiness to help and a greater ability to accomplish, I found the American women, and saw with admiration, all they had done for humanity, and how masterly they conducted and managed the business part of their various charity organizations, Kindergartens and clubs. "Hats off" for the American women.

Nowhere did I encounter those disappointing mannish types we often deplore seeing in Europe—this ignoble imitation of the manly, this sign of misunderstood emancipation—this disrobing of the “*ewige weibliche*” in appearance dress and manners. Who can understand why a woman should wish to be other than what nature created and intended her—a woman.—Is a woman a lesser being than a man? Perish the thought. Happily I saw none of these stray examples of bad taste and worse judgment—although I met hundreds of women in public life.

I heard intelligent women discuss the questions and politics of the day—and I was often asked my opinion of “woman suffrage.” Once I listened to two learned women disputing over the correctness of some translated Latin sentences—and I stood by in silent, respectful awe, for *I* understand no Latin. And yet there was nothing about these women in dress, speech or behavior to indicate that they wished to be considered other than women in the highest sense of the word.

The quiet orderliness of the American household I found so agreeable—one never saw anything of the domestic machinery or noticed the friction that is so often visible in many German homes.

Once a gentleman, by birth a German, said to me, “We men in America must often close our eyes to many things, when we miss much that we are used to

having done by the German hausfrau, but then we do have so many other agreeable comforts, and life is made so enjoyable." This I understood and appreciated thoroughly, after being fortunate enough to be the guest in many American homes.

The American matron does not take up with many of the sports of the younger generation, but contents herself with womanly accomplishments. Not so graceful as the French or Polish women, nor do they display such good taste in dressing perhaps as the former, but in their bearing so charming and satisfying that the American woman seems to have been pictured in *Schiller's* poem "*Das weibliche Ideal*."—(The Ideal of Woman.)

#### THE IDEAL OF WOMAN

TO AMANDA.

Woman in everything yields to man; but in that which is  
highest,

Even the manliest man yields to the woman most weak.

But that highest—what is it?—The gentle radiance of triumph  
As on thy brow upon me, beauteous Amanda, it beams.

When o'er the bright shining disk the clouds of affliction are  
fleeting,

Fairer the image appears, seen through the vapor of gold.

Man may think himself free! thou *art* so,—for thou never  
knowest

What is the meaning of choice—know'st not necessity's name.  
That which thou givest, thou always giv'st wholly; but *one*  
art thou ever,

Even thy tenderest sound is thine harmonious self

So youth everlasting dwells here, with fullness that is never  
exhausted,  
And with the flower at once pluck'st thou the ripe golden  
fruit. (Friedrich von Schiller.)

And the young girls? Those beautiful blossoms on the tree of life—the “American Beauties”—who rejoice in their hearts with the enthusiasm of youth, —over all that is good and lovely in life, and stand so ready to help towards the happiness of the children's world—they made me happy also. They showered me with flowers, and literally carried me in their arms—and were so eager to help in Kindergarten work. May they never lose their enthusiasm and youthful fervor. Happy the land where so much feeling for the good and beautiful glows, for out of such desires only the best can be created.

I met many more women than men in America, but I was told that the number of men exceeds that of the women, and I expressed astonishment at seeing so few at my first lectures.

When I lectured in New York for the first time, and looked at my friendly, smiling audience, I could see only women. They sat on the steps of the platform and filled the entire wide hall. Far, far back, near the seats by the wall, I espied a line of gentlemen looking rather uncomfortable; they had no seats, and no idea how long they would have to stand before I finished speaking.

It was during the first few times, always so—I

saw only ladies' heads and hats, and such hats! Even on the streets I saw more women than men, and then I learned why. The men disappeared in the morning, and for the entire day were buried in the heart of the business center, reappearing in the evening at the dinner hour.

Afterwards I learned to know many intelligent and delightful men—but on the whole they impressed me as not being very robust in constitution, and rather grave and earnest—and often over fatigued looking. This latter condition could be well understood when one realized what the day's work meant for them—perhaps their only recreation being "lunch" at the club, where it is to be hoped they had what they call a "good time." They entered into conversation with me quite freely, and I gathered more information of American affairs from them than I could learn from the ladies, for there were so many matters about which I was curious and wished to know more, and which they explained to me.

I like to observe and learn in strange countries—this to my mind is the benefit of travel, the enjoyment sometimes being relative.

When the American gentlemen first approached me, they were rather frightened, thinking they would have to talk "education," but when they found that I was interested in everything that interested them, and could enjoy what they did, their eyes lightened,

the wrinkles on their foreheads smoothed themselves, their hands sank contentedly into the depths of their pockets and then the talk flowed freely, and we were all at our ease. They appeared in full dress for the evening, and in their deferential manner and politeness were always the American gentlemen.

## CHAPTER V

### CHILDREN OF AMERICA

AND now for the "Young America" as he appears in the Kindergarten, the small-sized edition of his father.

At first the little tots looked at me with their clear bright eyes as though astonished or hesitating, with childish brows wrinkled in tiny folds; then with a nervous jerk of arm and shoulder, down went their hands into their pockets and they were comfortable, and then how wisely we conversed. "Oh yes, but my brother Tom says—" (the big brother, always the ideal of the younger). Alas, too soon will they also become "big brothers."

I read lately in a French paper a criticism of American children that made me indignant. Because, for instance, when I was traveling between Cincinnati and Chicago, some naughty boys threw a rock into the car, which just missed my head, would I be justified in condemning the whole American youth? The author of this criticism, however, judged them by a few examples of rudeness and impertinence that he had seen—a great injustice. For where is the land that does not pos-

sess its share of naughty children—and God be praised for them. They are the natural healthy outgrowth of bodily and mental activity which education tempers and modifies in time. I am their strong partisan and stand by my dear little Americans every time.

I found them very charming, and before I saw them in their country, I loved those I had met in my travels. My aunt, the great lover of children, was also delighted with their independence, lively interest in things and their clever judgment—which amused and interested her beyond measure, and I shared her feeling for them.

I believe the little Americans met on their travels showed themselves much more independent than I found them at home, but to me they were as entertaining and enjoyable as ever, and I would not have them a bit different in the main—or any better, or anything like the “model boys.”

I like lively boys, and I'll forgive a little wildness even and unrestraint. The little boys of the better classes would have suited me better had they not been so quiet and thoughtful at times, and so very proper. A trace of precocious reflection unfortunately too often appears in the children's world, but the Kindergarten can correct this. It supplies in the games and occupations that are suitable to the child's nature, everything that gives freedom and pleasure. Too early wisdom in boys, and too **much**



dreaminess in the little girls will soon be changed by happy work and play and modified into childlike naturalness and liveliness.

Almost exemplary is the obedience shown to elders, and the tenderness shown by the boys for their mothers and helpfulness toward sisters and brothers, one does not always see in Europe. These little marks of attention were evident on the streets too. I never saw any exhibition of rudeness at any time.

Once I visited a school in St. Louis in one of the poorer districts of the city. The older children were streaming out of their classes as our carriage drove up. They surrounded us and watched us with great interest, and when we drove away they shouted "Hurrah," and responded no further to my friendly nods. They were indeed very mannerly, although they were boys from out of the "slums."

In conclusion I would like to tell of two babies in America that interested me intensely. My aunt used to tell of how interesting it is to observe a little child that for the first time in life is able to grasp and hold something fast in his hands. Using his strength is a pleasure,—his first deed an enjoyment that mirrors itself in his happy face, and makes him look radiant at that moment. In a Kindergarten in Brooklyn, I saw a picture of this kind when a tiny child walked alone for the first time. He was quite carried away by delight. Deaf to any directions, and unconscious

of surroundings, he ran round and round until his strength left him and he fell on the floor in a storm of tears. He now knew for the first time the bitterness which every one feels on earth when an enjoyment overreaches itself.

The other baby was only thirteen months old, and though not able to talk, already walked forwards upstairs and backwards down the stairs. At table, the little man sat gravely on his high chair and fed himself with a *fork*. I had never before seen so young a child do this and so successfully, for the fork went always where it was intended to go, and never into the eye or nose; and the entire feeding was most cleanly and neatly done by this remarkable example of early American independence. But he had a very wise mother and a very careful big brother, and both gave much thought to his development.

The children, young and older ones, in families, kindergartens and schools, gave me an impression of being a little too serious, and I did not hear them laugh as often as I could have wished. The little girls are sweet with their shining, well kept locks and their lovely faces. If they fulfil the promise of their youth, these dainty buds will surely blossom into the "American Beauties"—and long may they flourish.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN CONGRESS IN ST. LOUIS

THE 21st of April, 1897, will be to me a forever memorable event, for I celebrated Froebel's birthday thousands of miles from my German home, in a strange continent and with the sounds of a foreign tongue greeting my ear. But I celebrated the day with 800 enthusiastic disciples of Froebel, 800 true and faithful Kindergartners, who received me with rejoicing as a messenger from the land where their master had dwelt and as the near relative of his greatest pupil and most self sacrificing apostle, the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow.

As I gave them in my address all she had asked me to bring of counsel and cheer, and these hundreds of Kindergartners listened in silent reverence, it was as though her glorified spirit hovered over us, inspiring us to braver work in the sacred cause of mankind.

I wound a German evergreen wreath about the bust of Froebel, and then hand in hand his loving followers joined in the circle, which reached to the walls of the immense hall. What a pleasure to see

the glowing faces and radiant looks of the happy throng, lighted by the joy of the plays and games. They were the counterpart of those the Kindergartners played with their children, but because they are such a perfect and fitting expression of the children's natures, they have always a freshness and charm about them, and they were now given with heart and soul by the enthusiastic teachers. As the old song says, "Eye to eye and heart to heart, oh, it was a joyful day."

A deep emotion filled me. Among the many young girls who marched by me, were also older ones, the young who offered so many hours of their youth so joyfully for the happiness of childhood, and the older Kindergartners how many days and years had they served patiently, faithfully and bravely!

One must consider what it means to minister to all the needs and claims of the children, to keep one's-self always en rapport with them—instead of remaining quiet and comfortable to be ever ready to enter into all their little plays, songs and games, to sing and spring about always gay and lively. Truly I admire what these girls are able to do often far more than many achievements which the world so proudly records and ranks so highly. For they are in little things faithful, and in their faithfulness, great, and the palm must surely be accorded them.

"Twenty years," said a Kindergarten to me, "I have worked in this Kindergarten, for the poorest

children of our city—at first under the protection of the police, for disturbances and annoyances were frequent. Now the parents and other visitors are kind and helpful and understand what we are doing.” Her eyes beamed with just pride as she told me this. I visited her in her Kindergarten afterwards, and was greeted in the corridor by the beautiful German “Wilkommen” made with paper folded letters—the work of the children—and many other decorations. As the teacher stood with my hand clasped in hers on her heart, and with moist eyes assured me that this was the most beautiful day of her life, my eyes too, filled with tears.

Still another recollection of my visit to St. Louis remains with me. In one of the schools a janitor and his wife were introduced to me, who were countrymen of mine, born in Mecklenburg. When they heard my name, so well known in Germany, they were overcome by memories of home and happy times of by-gone days. With his hat pressed firmly against the right knee, and standing before me in erect soldier fashion, the man answered my questions, and his wife also no longer young, had, according to the old custom, tucked one end of her raised apron in her belt. Tears were shining in the eyes of both. For twenty-one years they had been living in a strange country, and all had gone well with them, but their hearts melted now at the recollections recalled by the sounds of their mother

tongue. As I drove away, they stood like statues, looking after me as if they had taken leave of some one dear to them.

I must not forget one other interesting episode of an entirely different character, which I experienced during my week's stay here. A Japanese professor, a very learned man, I was told, accompanied me to the Kindergarten meeting, and he and I supplied the international element of the Congress. Unfortunately he spoke but little English. He sat opposite me in the carriage and looked at me in a most friendly way, then suddenly he drew out of his pocket a piece of tissue paper which he skillfully folded into a strange form, half bird, half fish,—half insect, half dragon. He then handed it to me with these words: "We make this and present it when we wish one happiness and long life." Of course I accepted this Japanese wish card gladly, and carried it like a jewel across the sea.

Yes, these days, so full and busy that I spent in St. Louis will never be forgotten, it was a great week for me. A week of earnest work too—not all enjoyment. Many lectures were given, followed by discussions. I regret that I could not take so active a part in these as I desired, because at that time "English" was for me rather of a strain, and I was obliged to spare myself somewhat for further travels.

Of the matters discussed at the Congress, naturally the questions referring to the Kindergarten

method interested me most. Later I saw these questions repeated in different magazines. If my answers given in the following pages will interest the American Kindergartners, *I trust they will be accepted as my heartfelt especial greeting to them.* I give these answers as I learned them from the lips of the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow, and this should be a guarantee of their correctness.

You know, my aunt always repeated with emphasis, how necessary it is to apply the Froebel method from the very beginning, and with the *utmost exactness in order to produce the result* he wished to attain. With the various fragmentary methods, with something essential taken out and replaced by what has no relation to it, a pieced or patched method as it were, instead of the *one Froebel method*, it will not be possible to accomplish the result Froebel had in view.

We all know, also, what the thinkers expect from the new educational method of Froebel's—the necessary regeneration of mankind, i. e., the better development of all mental and bodily strength, and therewith greater power of accomplishment, contentment with the work at hand, and a higher moral status—and by this what is most important on earth, the happiness of mankind.

Of course there are a great many rightly conducted Kindergartens in the world, but the method carried out from beginning to end as Froebel in-

tended—this is another matter. For almost always, the first essential step is missing—the proper understanding and development of the child's first months and years, even from the first moments after birth, because the mothers are not acquainted with the method and know nothing of the importance of this early training.

Then after—the Kindergarten, another connecting link, that is to say its *continuation*, is missing in the chain of the child's development—the “*Schul und Jugend Gartens*”—the school and youth gardens, side by side with the prescribed school course.

Another necessary adjunct is the introduction of the study of Froebel's method in the higher classes for girls, with a course of Kindergarten training if possible, and then to have properly conducted Kindergartens, and these same to be connected with the public schools.

*Only then, when the method is in this way properly introduced and rightly carried on, and universally understood, will it be possible by the advancement of culture and the creation of new needs, to add to the method. But whatever new is brought in must be consistent, and fit exactly in the method as it was originally thought out.*

It will never be tolerated to take anything away from it, as Froebel considered every step in the child's development and most fully and properly provided for it in his *Plays, Gifts and Occupations*. Taking away any of these means, toward the end,



must necessarily disturb the phases of development of the child, which Froebel, step by step, made analogous to the development of civilization in the history of the human race.

Will it not be hard to find something better or more natural than the way Froebel's genius has discovered, and the guides he has given us to follow? Whenever I think of the modern mania for trying to "better" things before they are more than even partially worked out, or not thoroughly understood, I recall the words of our poet Uhland, "The Newer" says to one he considers already "*old fashioned*," "You speak always of the good old ways—how stubborn you are!" The old fashioned one replies, "I am faithful to the old, because it is something good." "But," persists the ultra-modern, "to appreciate not only the good but the *better* is our duty." Calmly and unconvinced the other answers, "Of the good I know much, and *have had proof*, of the *better—alas, nothing!*"

If I am not mistaken we shall soon see in America the employment and application of Froebel's method carried out in its entirety, and where, I ask, could it be more easily accomplished than there? *There*, in the land of freedom, intelligence, wealth, strength, aspiration and universal good-will. *Once again I call to the Americans as I did in Chicago, "You can do it—well do it."*

Let me now give you the answers to the questions spoken of above.

## CHAPTER VII

### MY ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS DISCUSSED IN ST. LOUIS

Ques. 1. *Do you think it desirable to enlarge the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Gifts.*

As this question may be construed to mean "enlarged" by the introduction of accessories, or by making the gifts larger in themselves, I will answer it considering both points of view. In the first place, if we regard these gifts as common playthings which we could alter at will, then might they be modified or added to, but they are *more* than playthings, and represent an abstract as well as a concrete idea.

*The Froebel gifts and occupations are a connected whole, each of which is considered and planned to correspond with the different phases of the child's development, and not alone in their application as a whole, do we find Froebel's law of the connection of opposites, but also in the gifts themselves in their forms, characteristics and qualities, each has its purpose and is planned with regard to its relations to the others.*

The child is to learn (at first he gets only an impression of it) that the different forms are of the same proportions. Each gift is constructed not only

for the easy manipulation by the child, but to show him that it is in proportion to the others.

By placing his cubes so as to bring the surfaces together, or measuring the planes with the surfaces, he sees at a glance that they are equal in length, height, etc., and of the same proportions. Also if he places side by side two cubes of the 3rd gift with oblong surfaces of the 4th gift, he will see their equal proportions, although they are of different form.

With the five different boxes of Froebel's planes, he will learn by comparison with the surfaces of the cubes that they too are of the same size—(equally large), a logical course of impressions, and by them gain clear logical conceptions and ideas. For this Froebel gave his gifts, which he meant to be “*forms of recognition.*”

What, for instance, could be enlarged in the 1st gift—the balls? They are made of the right size for the little hand to grasp, and thereby to strengthen the muscles. If the ball was made larger or harder, this would be impossible. What could be added to the form of the ball, which is intended to give the child an impression first and afterwards the idea of the unique form—the round outline, and have we not in the colors, the primary or ground colors, and the secondary or mixed ones.—No one who understands Froebel's ideas and intentions could wish to add anything else—only think of it!

When the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow gave her celebrated demonstrations, she never spoke without having before her the entire series of Froebel's gifts and occupations, so she could clearly prove their intimate connection, one with the other—and that the sequence was a natural, logical one which it would be impossible to interrupt except by unwise injudicious alteration in some way.

The Baroness used for illustration large sizes of all the gifts, so that they could be easily seen at a distance by the hearers, but for the child's use in his hand it would be unpractical and impracticable to have them otherwise than as Froebel gave them—adapted to his hand and strength, and adapted in size to each other.

*Ques. 2. Do you use stick-laying?*

It is known that Froebel goes in his gifts in the so-called descending scale, from solids, divided solids, tangible planes, tangible lines and tangible points. The stick representing in the sequence the tangible line, certainly cannot be dispensed with without interrupting the logical train of thought the course of development intended. (See Chapter on Gifts in the "Life of the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow.") Stick-laying is one of the most thoroughly enjoyed occupations of the children, because they are able to invent with them as well as with the slats and rings (tangible circle) most charmingly, "forms of beauty."

Questions 3, 4 and 9 can be answered together.

Ques. 3. *Do you follow a sequence of games?*

Ques. 4. *What kind of games do you find most valuable? Where do you find them?*

Ques. 9. *Do you use a programme and how do you make it?*

Question 3 might be answered in this way: In a Kindergarten there should never be a strictly adhered to programme of the plays, nor should the Kindergarten ever be transformed into a school. It should be like a large nursery where the little ones, all of about the same age play together joyously. In and through the games and plays their senses and limbs are exercised, strengthened and developed in a harmonious way.

Nothing should ever be forced on the children, their games as well as instruction are to be as spontaneous as possible, and must respond often to the momentary interests of the children, and must satisfy the needs of the children's souls at that time. A walk, a scene in the house or street or some manifestation of nature awakens in the child a most lively interest;—and as the impulse of imitation slumbers in every child to wake to dramatic action when the opportunity is given, he will wish to have acted out what is in his mind's eye. Now must be displayed the knowledge and tact of the Kindergarten to direct the impulse of culture that springs from the impulse of nature, and to utilize it so that

the child's necessary development will be the natural consequence.

It will be found that the children will love best those plays that mirror their own passing emotions. Oh, if we could but banish forever all rules and regulations, all artificiality, stiffness and forcing from the children's rooms and from the Kindergartens. If we could but enter into the lives of the children, to understand the feelings and needs of their souls, as Froebel did—(although he was old and never had a child of his own). But he was a genius, divinely ordained as the prophet of childhood.

And how sweet is our reward for understanding the children in their beaming eyes and radiant faces. The greatest happiness of childhood is the same as that of grown people, as their sufferings are also as keen, and comes when the creative and productive faculties have been rightly directed. This is why it is so easy to maintain discipline in the Kindergarten—and to have order and quiet, for when the children are kept happily employed and busy, they do not think of being naughty. Only the bored child is disorderly.

Through the medium of happy teaching comes the proper development of children, and is most easily and quickly accomplished. And shall we not say that it is a beautiful calling to be a Kindergarten? The happiness of children lies often in the feeling that they are loved, but if you should ask a

child whether it would prefer to sit quietly in a circle and be embraced by the smiling Kindergartner (and such a picture one sees often in Kindergartens), or be busy working at an occupation of Froebel's or with his own invention, I am sure only a sick child would choose the first.

No, we must not, cannot follow a set programme. Even if it is written and hung upon the wall, it must necessarily be modified and changed to suit conditions and circumstances as we find them, and we must respond to opportunities that present themselves. Instead of pricking and perforating in dismal weather, the children should build, etc.

The principal programme must spring from the understanding heart and intelligent brain of the wise Kindergartner.

*Ques. 5. Do you use the Froebel drawing?*

When mankind was in its infancy, that is, when it was in the beginning of its development, early in the long history of civilization, signs were used in order that men might make themselves understood. When the language did not supply all, these came to aid the memory—pictures of the objects that were to represent the ideas to be expressed. Much later came the art of writing.

Now Froebel, as we have said before, always took the race development as a model for the child's development, and so drawing comes first in the Kindergarten, and later on writing follows in the school

years. Afterwards I will come back to the subject of drawing as an art, but I wish to say just here that drawing cannot be left out of the method; the linear and outline drawing and particularly the Froebel "net drawing" is, according to my experience, the most delightful of occupations. The children enjoy being able to reproduce their fancies and imagination of patterns, figures, etc. There they sit with their fine, smooth slates and well-made slate pencils and clean sponges, quite forgetful of all else save their pleasurable work—and with such happy, charmingly thoughtful faces. Why?—*Because they are creating!*

Many times I was asked in America for some inventions of the Dresden Kindergarten children—I give you here the accompanying illustrations of some inventions that were drawn under my own observation by the children of various Kindergartens. I selected several which they copied from their slates to paper, to be sent to the "dear aunts" in America. "Tante" is the little German's name for the Kindergärtnerin.

There are always some children in every Kindergarten who are full of new ideas—talented—and in a short time can invent three or four designs. It is most interesting to watch these at work, but even the youngest are by Froebel's law able to *invent*.

Ques. 6. *What do you sew? What materials are used?*



In Europe the children sew mostly on paper or on canvas, sewing their own invented patterns with colored worsted or, if particularly fine designs, with silk. The needles must have large eyes, so that the children are able to thread them, but must not be so long as to break easily. As the children perforate their own patterns before sewing them, needle breaking seldom occurs. That the children must first learn the sequence of every occupation, before being allowed to invent, is of course universally understood.

*Ques. 7. Do you use perforating? Reasons pro and con?*

If Froebel in his gifts goes in the descending line from solids to points, as we know he does, so in his occupations, he takes the ascending line and leads us from the point back to the solid.

In the gifts the tangible point is represented by peas, stones, corks, etc. When it came to the occupations, and the question was to find a point that could be felt, Froebel answered it by the use of perforation, which as well as stick laying and drawing has its function in the Froebel method.

The manipulation of boring or perforating is necessary in so many trades and occupations, and appeared so early among the first human occupations, that it seems to have become an inborn need or necessity for the child to follow out this impulse—this inclination to perforate. Whenever a child

finds a bit of paper and something pointed, off he hurries with them to some dark corner and presently you will find him busy perforating or pricking. I say dark corner, because usually children are forbidden by over-cautious, unreflecting people, to use pointed instruments, instead of being taught how to handle what is only dangerous in misuse. So children do this well-loved work secretly and in poorly lighted corners, where they hope to remain undetected.

Froebel, however, understood and directed this impulse rightly, and as we learn in the Mother and Kosset Songs, perforating too is of use in the child's development, and is given by this careful investigator and well-proven friend of children, as an important occupation upon which he laid great stress.

Besides developing firmness and strength in the hand, it is of great value in training the eye to accuracy. The careful observation of the intersecting point where the lines cross in the net, and where the perforation is to be made, is an excellent exercise for the hitherto untrained eye, which is strengthened with every succeeding practice.

Perforating, I think, can only be a harmful occupation if it is too long pursued—if the posture of the children is an incorrect one, the light not strong enough or coming from the wrong direction, or the lines of the netted paper too faint or too close together. Never should the children be allowed to

perforate for more than fifteen minutes, and under no circumstances an elaborate design.

When they prick only such patterns as they themselves have invented, their strength will not be overtaxed, and only when the Kindergartner is ignorant of *how* and *when* perforating is to be done, can the eyes be injured. Like every other good thing in the world that is improperly employed, it becomes diverted from its purpose.

Should the Froebel method be blamed and held responsible, therefore, for the lack of knowledge and tact of the Kindergartner? And we could easily understand why a doctor entering a Kindergarten where the children are pricking impossible patterns under the worst possible conditions, would be justified in condemning "perforation."

Fancy seeing children, as I have seen them, sitting in a circle to do this work with the light streaming from all directions. Who then is at fault? The method, the doctor who knows nothing of the method perhaps, and sees only an imperfect illustration of it,—or the improperly trained Kindergartner? It is sometimes most annoying for those who, like myself, know the educational value and importance of every gift and occupation, to see the method so badly applied; and the ignorance of Kindergartners and the interference of doctors make us often impatient.

Once on coming into a Kindergarten and not find-

ing all the occupations in use, because the doctor had condemned them, the last thread of my patience broke, and an amiable official who was there in honor of my visit had to bear the brunt of my displeasure. Can you imagine his astonishment when I said in my broken English, "Sir, you ought to take all the town doctors into this room and *smash* them!" Poor man! he had no idea then, and no doubt even to this day does not understand what I meant by this outburst. Shall I ever forget the changing expressions of his face, from the friendly smile to the look of anxiety and horror with which he regarded this bloodthirsty lady from Europe, whom he believed was a philanthropist! Others have often laughed with me over this reminiscence, but at the time I did not laugh, for how often one burns with righteous indignation at the injustice and injury done this great Froebel method. Who, I ask again, is to bear the blame?

*Ques. 8. Do you use the Mother Plays in your Kindergarten? How?*

When I hear the beautiful name, "Mother and Kosset Songs," I am deeply stirred and touched, for this name is inseparably connected with the remembrance of my aunt's interpretations, in her lectures on the book. Ah, the memory of these never-to-be-forgotten hours, in which our hearts were quickened for all that is beautiful and good in life and our souls

inspired and lifted to the Fountain head of all, is like a golden spot in the gray mists of life.

Froebel intended this book for the use of the mother giving her in it everything that would be an aid to the child's harmonious development. The *foundations* of all mental and bodily education are here illustrated, and therefore this book should be first of all in the hands of the mother and family.

Froebel *bases his entire system of education on this book*, to which he refers again and again. It is essential then and vitally necessary that every Kindergarten should know its contents thoroughly and follow its instructions perfectly.

Nowhere can be found more charming finger plays than are given us in the Mother and Kosset Songs; nor more useful, for every joint of the finger and hand is exercised and strengthened, and now that Miss Blow and Frau von Portugall have enlarged the illustrations in the book, and they appear in colored prints in the Kindergarten as the accompaniments of stories, or object lessons, the book has of course come into most popular and enjoyable use in the Kindergarten.

Ques. 10. *Have you found any help from child-study, its literature and discussion?*

I tried so often while I was in America to get a clear insight into what is known as child-study. It has seemed to me that the impetus given to the observation of physiological appearance of children—

the measurements of their bodies, etc., by Darwin, and the psychological essays of Pryer on the same subject, might have stimulated the tabulating of statistics which now appear to be the vogue. Whether this gathering of statistics of comparative growth, intellectual and bodily development and the like are yet in the nature of experiments, or to be pursued with the ultimate object of a great benefit to manhood, and with the full importance of their weight and influence understood, I do not know.

*No individual cases or abnormal types can of course become standards for the correct knowledge of the child's nature, no matter how interesting they may be, nor can much be accomplished by what single or several children have, do or disclose. Only what is general or universal to all children in greater or less degree, can be of consequence.*

*We know that Froebel's greatest service was not only to discover and fix these standards of the child nature, but also, and this I would like to have repeated in trumpet tones, he gave with his correct recognition of them, the right means for their proper development.*

In his method will be found all that is useful, practical, childlike and natural, and all that is necessary for the education of the child and the unfolding of its budding powers.

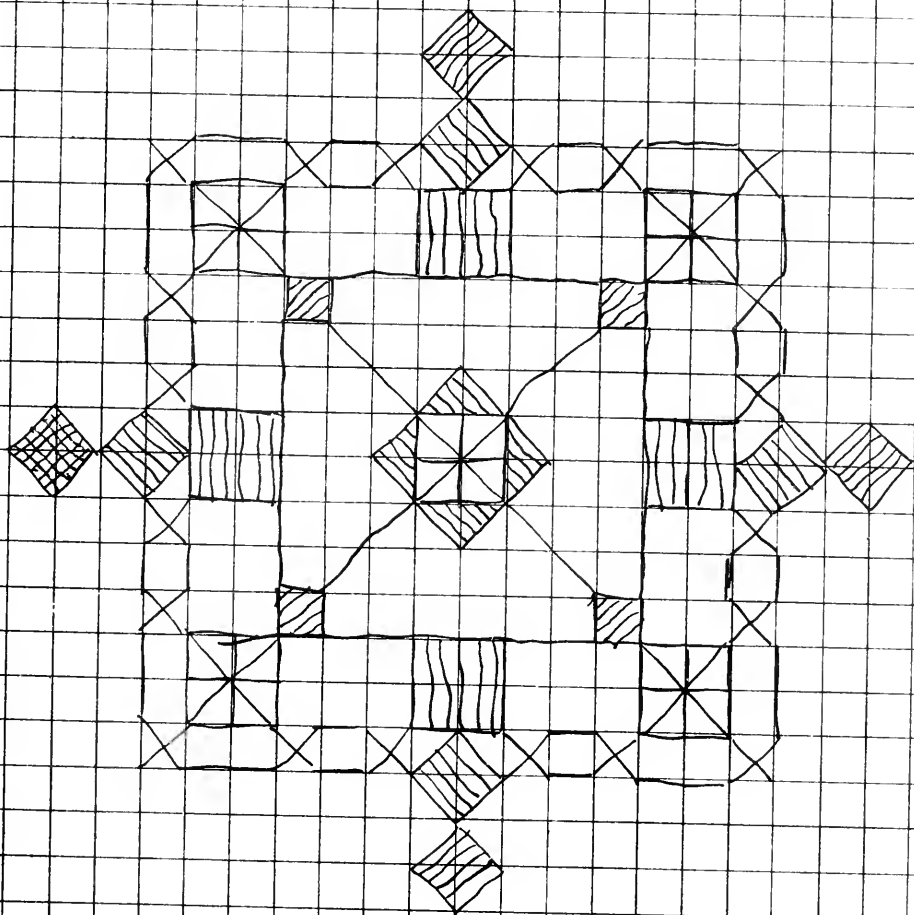
For the furtherance of the Kindergarten study, it is essential that the Kindergartner should go on im-

proving herself, if she does not wish to retrograde—it is impossible for her to stand still. And so she needs the constant interchange of ideas relating to the work at hand. Let us cease these endless discussions of the side issues of a method which has so rarely been given a fair trial—they can be only discouraging and discomfoting, and let us rather concern ourselves with what Froebel teaches, and our experiences with the children's success or the results arrived at, when the thoroughly tried system has been employed as it was intended. This will surely betoken the real progress, and certain advancement of child study, and I hail with joy what has already been accomplished in America in this line.

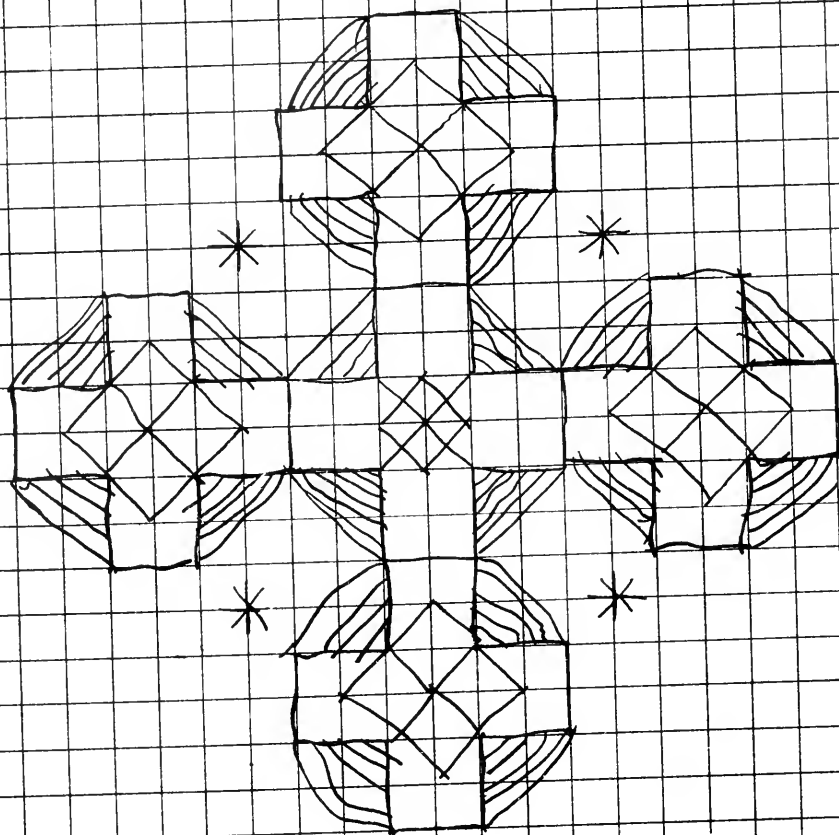
Regarding the literature on the subject, there have been many books written about the education of children, but I earnestly wish that there were more translated editions of Froebel in general use in America, where the *method* of the great teacher is fully explained. Of Froebel's own writings (and these are not always easy to understand even in German), there have been but fragmentary translations. Of the works of the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow, I found in America only the "Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel," but in this book, beautiful as it is, and conveying the *idea* as it does, there is less of the *method* than in any other of her writings. The translations of her "Labor and the New Education," and the charming book "The Child and its

Nature," are now out of print, and the " Collected Essays " and a large " Hand Book " have not as yet been translated. Both these latter books deal with the Froebel method in detail.





**Invention of Karl Klemm 4½ years old**  
Volkskindergarten Mathildenstrasse  
D R E S D E N.

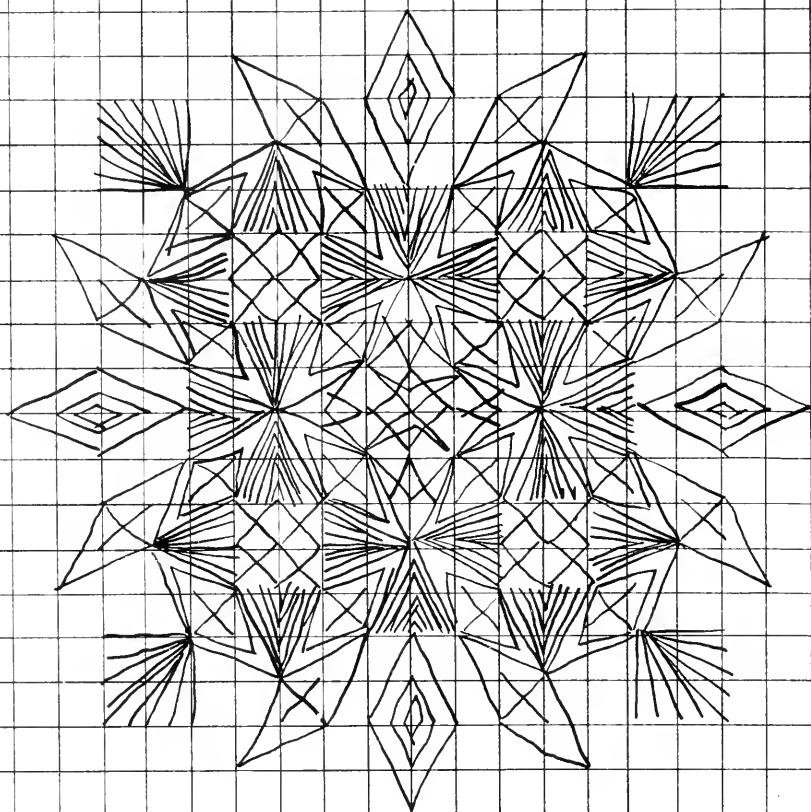


**Invention of Hans Horn 4½ years old**

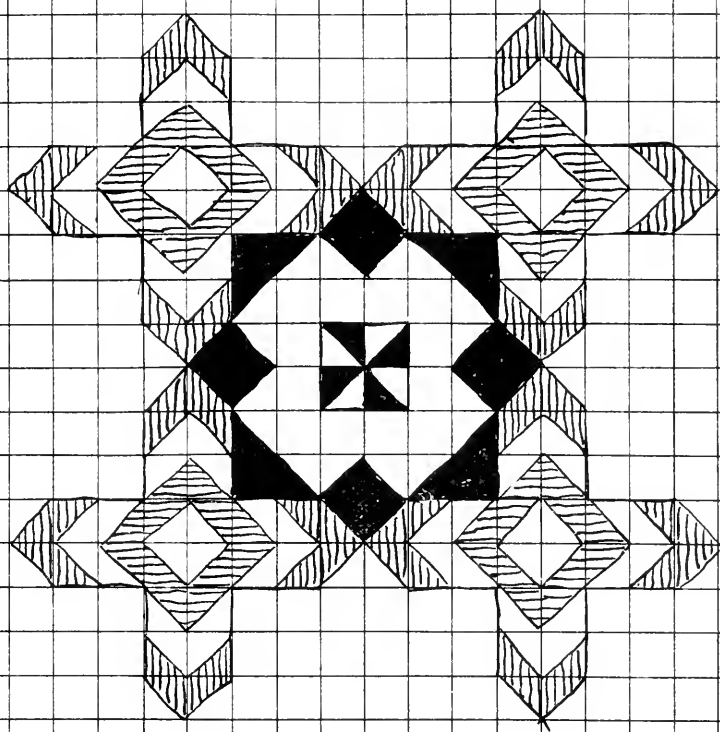
**Volkskindergarten Chemnitzerstrasse**

**DRESDEN.**





**Invention of Susanne Seiring 5 years old**  
Volkskindergarten Maxstrasse  
D R E S D E N.

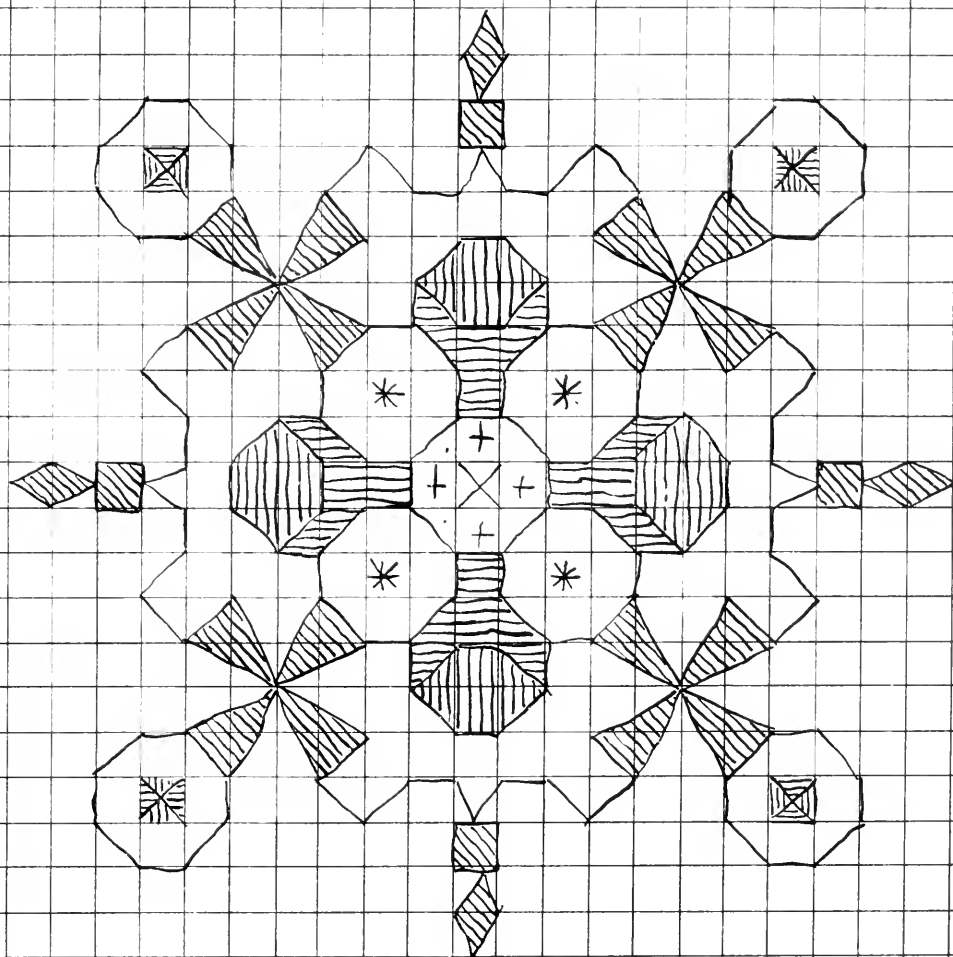


**Invention of Alfred Fresler 5 years old**

7 month in Kindergarten Mathildenstrasse

D R E S D E N.





**Invention of Martha Eichenberg 5 years old**  
Volkskindergarten Antonstadt  
D R E S D E N.

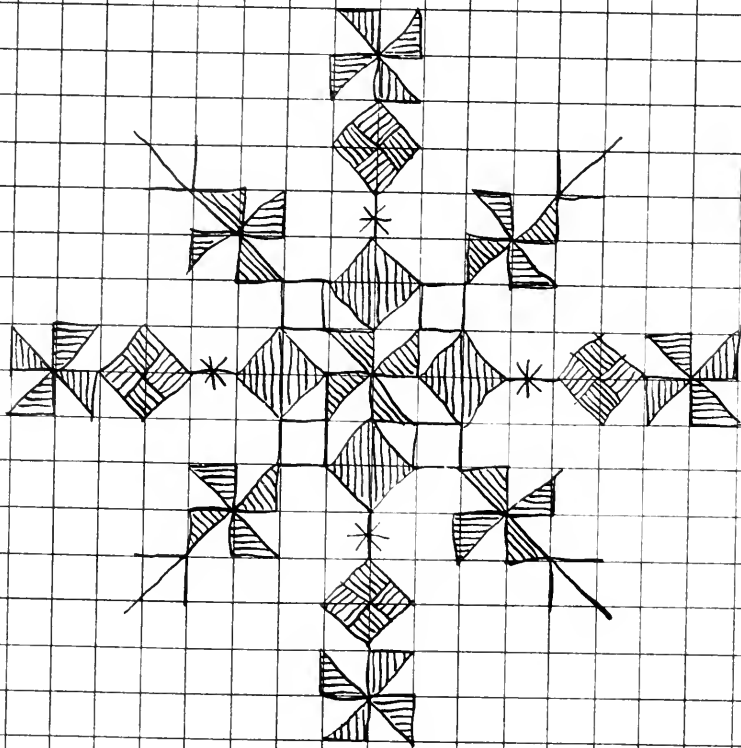






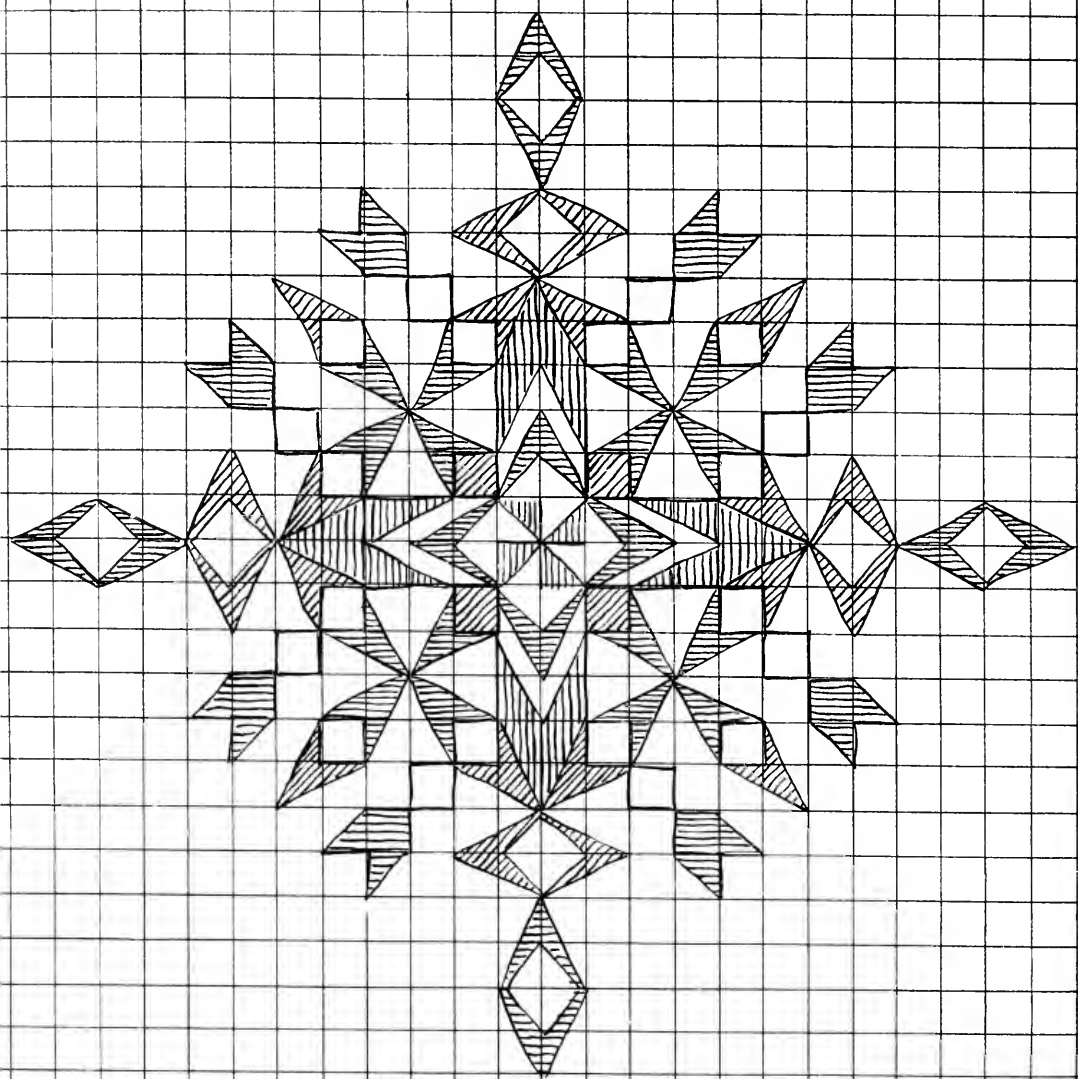






**Invention of Dora Schmeltz 6 years old**  
Volkskindergarten Concordienstrasse  
D R E S D E N.





**Invention of Marie Potzschke 8 years old**

school garden Chemnitzerstrasse 19

D R E S D E N .

## CHAPTER VIII

### NEGRO FOLK

FOR any one enthusiastic as I am in the cause of the education of the people, and eager to employ the new method of Froebel wherever it can be of benefit, it is of absorbing interest to observe the development of this large and growing class—the negro race of America.

It is all the more interesting because it is not a savage people living in a state of nature, but a people having lived for long years in the midst of a civilization in which it has but lately taken part, and side by side with a highly intelligent culture which it also aspires to reach. It is indeed gratifying to see how much is being done for the education of the negro, who we must acknowledge with pleasure is eager and ambitious to acquire knowledge. As a colored porter, who, besides his occupation, was studying to become a teacher, said to me, “We are always working to raise ourselves.”

The duty of giving these people the education and necessary development through the best and most practical means, lies naturally with their white brethren, who have a great responsibility. The right

education for them must be one that will tend to develop them in many directions, and must not be one sided. For the negroes who in many Southern States outnumber the whites, an education must be given that will respond to their needs and conditions, for up to thirty years ago this people worked at manual labor only. It must appeal to every thinker that Froebel's method would be of inconceivable value when applied to the education of the colored people, whose development must not be along the lines of intellectual training only or in the so-called "schooling" given, but *body and mind must be taught to work in harmony.*

In the universal desire of the American for culture, and for the extension of their philanthropic work, too much is being done in some directions, perhaps, and in others many necessary details are often overlooked. But in a large school for colored children in St. Louis, I saw some very good handicraft work done by boys—not mechanically done, but as the children said, by following the Froebel method. But of the practical work of the girls I saw nothing; I had hoped to find sewing in all its branches and other kindred occupations taught, for what could be more necessary for the colored girls to learn; at the same time being *taught that the work done by the hand is not degrading, but when done well is most honorable. When Froebel's method is properly introduced into the school system, and especially*



*taught in the higher classes for girls, then truly will come the regeneration of the negro class.*

If I do not err, and saw rightly during my short trip, I thought I detected sometimes the beginning of a somewhat overbearing manner in the negro who had been educated in a one-sided way. I fear sometimes white people in the South have had their experience with the overbearing negro, and might be able to trace the cause. I fear, too, the Negro forgets at times that his development is a matter of only thirty years or so, and cannot be the same as that of the white people, who have such a long history of civilization behind them.

That the little negro children whom I studied in their Kindergartens and schools interested me beyond measure, can be imagined. A great deal of intelligence looked out of their large, glistening eyes, and some of the little ones had even learned in my honor, our German patriotic "Wacht am Rhein," and as the large, red-lipped mouths recited by heart the wonderfully pronounced German words, and the eyes twinkled and shone, it was a veritable picture. And again when in one school the children sang the verse "Blau blüht ein Blumelein"—"Blue blooms a little floweret,"—and pointed the while at my blue eyes, their singing was as charming as the thought of their teacher, who had suggested it.

The negro is amiability itself to the stranger; personally I was most favorably impressed, for as soon

as the negroes learned that I was interested in the education of their little ones, they were most thankful, and showed their appreciation in many ways. They celebrated, while I was in St. Louis, the anniversary of their emancipation, and gave me a box for the performance at the theatre where they held their exercises. There I saw an immense gathering of negroes, and I remarked that it was indeed very hard to tell the age of a negro.

Most agreeable is he in service—as servant, waiter, and as porter. I learned to value the negro who seems born to “serve and wait.”

Although in Italy and in many European countries we are quite accustomed to men servants in bed rooms, I could not get used in America to seeing negroes about in such capacity. And when I learned that our waiter at table was preparing for a legal examination which he hoped to pass successfully, and that he was expected to attend to my apartments, the idea of having such a person as a servant, or giving him a fee, seemed most extraordinary to me.

A little anecdote apropos of these servants, I enjoyed immensely: A foreign lady objected to the abrupt entrance of a negro man servant into her room, saying, “I might be just dressing.” “Never fear, madam, I always take care to look through the keyhole first.”

Most interesting was the following little experi-

ence enjoyed on our train. I had given the very black porter a glass of my wine, and offered a glass to the cook, who was standing by. The latter, a very light colored darkey, refused it, saying that he was a temperance man. To my laughing rejoinder that we are given everything by Nature for our use and enjoyment, and only the excess can be harmful, the porter agreed, saying, " But you see, madam, the cook here hasn't the right kind of blood in him. He is too pale—you must excuse him, he is stupid." So here too the full blooded, truly black negro feels a superiority over the half breed. Strange to say, the light colored cook did not seem to take offense at the words of the porter, but looked as people do when their bodily deficiencies are being discussed, half sad and embarrassed, and half happy to be thus commiserated.

At a reception in New York, I had the opportunity of hearing the celebrated negro songs of which so much has been said. The distinguished literateur, Mr. Geo. W. Cable, sang several of these melodies in masterly style to guitar accompaniment. Negro songs are very characteristic and touching—and very like, if I may so express it, smiles among tears.

## CHAPTER IX

### TRAIN, LANDSCAPES, DULUTH

ONE of the first questions put to strangers in America is, "How do you like our railways?" When this was asked me for the first time, after I landed in New York, I scarcely knew how to answer, but seven weeks later my opinion could have been given founded on facts and experience. American railways are like all other things in the world. There are the good, bad and indifferent, and the peculiar ones.

Stranger than all did I find the great number of black cats that I seemed to meet everywhere. As we were leaving New York to begin our travels, the first thing I saw was a black cat. She sat, to my horror, in the middle of the railway station waiting-room, so quiet and with the air of being at home despite the strange sights and noises everywhere about.

In Germany a black cat is considered a bad omen, and people invariably turn back when encountering one. I therefore gave this cat a wide berth. Later I met black cats on the streets, in trains, and in the houses. Why always black cats? No one had ever

seemed to observe their number, or could answer me. Finally I timidly asked the black porters, hoping that they would not take it amiss. They grinned in a most friendly way, shook their heads and always answered, "Well, I guess it is good luck; a *black* cat *must be good luck*."

Many mice are also noticeable. In nearly all the large hotels I heard them in my rooms, and many times they appeared in the flesh. I found them no different from their European sisters and brothers, however, and one day, much to my amusement, a "mouse hunt" was inaugurated in my room, in which the darkies took part. With mouth stretched in a delighted grin, eyes gleaming and every feature expressive of the happiness of pursuit, the successful hunter finally caught and lifted the little offender by the tail and held him before me to see, all of us laughing heartily as we watched the chase and capture. How often are these people just like children grown up a bit—and how naïve I found them on my train travels;—like children they were interested in everything and even conducted me from one end of the train to the other. They always understood my interest in everything. I was shown the tiny kitchen, and must look into the boiling pots—and was even allowed a peep into the hidden cupboards that contained so many good wine bottles. Oh, Temperance, oh!—And how charmingly they enlightened me as to the names of everything. "We call it an

egg, madam,—and this is a baked potato, and we eat it in this way ”—and the black hand squeezed the potato out of its peel onto my plate.

So long as the weather was cool, I found the closed windows of the Pullman, which shut out the dust, very comfortable, but when it became hot, then I felt the closeness in the car, the upper ventilators not sufficing. I could also not get used to the narrow corridors or passages leading out of the cars, which must be impassable it seems to me in case of fire or panic. The European coupé system is different. Every time I tried to walk in the passage I found it impossible to steady myself, and I waved like a feather from side to side, with no small damage to my poor elbows. But the porters were usually on guard, and most respectfully would a black arm be stretched out towards me, and thus protected I was escorted without further injury, to the comfortable dining-car. But the climax of luxury is to be found in the parlor cars, which are most elegant in all their appointments. Here frequently while we sat chatting in our easy chairs to our astonishment the cars would come to an abrupt stop, our chairs wheel round suddenly and we would find ourselves confronting a strange and equally astonished face. But one touch of the electric bell ready at hand, and the porter was there to readjust the chairs, and we were once again in our accustomed places and comforted. Then night came on and “sleepers ” were in evidence, and I

found the cars "less good," as I call it—for a lady on board ship told me it was not good form to say "I do not like it," but rather, "I prefer other things"—and so I think I will say of the Pullman sleeping cars "I prefer other things." At nightfall the cars are transformed into two rows of heavy curtained compartments, with the narrow passage between. Behind these curtains it is frightful, and I endured the "tenement-like" air only once. I had selected a lower berth, because the occupant of the upper one has to choose between suffocation or a draught of sharp night air blowing directly on his chest, but I felt all the while as though I were being buried alive.

It was amusing to watch the solicitude of the porter, who could not understand my distress, and every little while he would glance through the curtain at me. When I would pretend to be asleep he would go to Miss Hofer's berth, and wake her out of her sleep with the comforting message: "You can sleep in peace—*She* is sleeping like a child."

After this one night's experience, I "preferred" naturally to be in a stateroom, where we could be more exclusive. I lay on the hard, narrow sofa with one arm and foot hanging out, and with my traveling bag, which would fit nowhere in the tiny room, resting on the foot of my improvised bed. My face was being continually fanned by my overhanging dresses, and the curtains of the passage window—

and so I lay resigned to everything—but not quite, for the staterooms are directly over the wheels of the train, and when the cars are uncoupled at night, or give a sudden lurch, you feel as though torn asunder. I had just enough strength left to lift my head a little and to call out in a weak voice, “I want a life insurance!”

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“Now where is the wild, wild West?” was my constant inquiry as I traveled further on towards the Northwest, and looked out upon the landscape. There was nothing outlandish about it, but it seemed like an old acquaintance. Everything was still clothed in winter dress—a flat, unremarkable-looking country, with bare fields, barren soil and uncultivated forests. But when we came to the broad, majestic streams, the scene changed and became one of greater interest.

We were told that we passed the finest scenery during the night in the mountainous regions—too bad!—What a pity that I could not see all this landscape green and in spring splendor as it showed itself around Washington, for instance. For hours at a time I looked out on the desolate country around, and a little German song came back to me and would not be dismissed—



“ Mir ist leide  
 Das der Winter beide  
 Wald und auch die Heide,  
 Hat gemachet kahl.—  
 Sein Bezwingen  
 Lässt nicht Blumen springen  
 Noch die Vöglein singen  
 Ihren viel süssen Schall.”

[“ It grieves me that the winter has made forest and heath so bare—that its power has kept the flowers from blooming, and the birds from singing their sweet songs.”]

What astonished me, too, was the fact that it was not wintry weather; quite the contrary, the days were almost too warm for me—and yet the vegetation was so scant and the season so backward. Some days later, when I reached Canada and the East, we seemed to be again in the midst of spring; soft greens everywhere, in forest and meadow, and such magnificent trees! Oaks, tulip trees and then the beautiful American elms—a charming sight.

I have always been a great lover of nature, and I could appreciate the exquisite cultivation of forest and valley, everywhere in evidence in Canada and the East.

While traveling in the Northwest, we came often to burning forests, which gave me anxious moments at nightfall, and very sad thoughts during the day. How the flames wound themselves tortuously about the trunks of the trees until the branches blazed upwards, and crept, snake-like, through the grass until

it sizzled and crackled and burned to the ground, leaving only dark, ugly stubble.

When the forests on both sides were burning, the train would rush through with tremendous speed, and this frightened us almost as much as the flames. Then the face of the black porter became almost white with fear, and he told me that the Catholic negro cook was kneeling and praying and counting his beads, and we would have "no supper, madam, oh, nooo!!"

On the way through the West, we passed many German settlements—the better cultivated land belonged to Americans, the porter said, but these German settlements did not gladden the heart. Such very small houses, with a so very small adjoining stable, and such a very little cultivated patch for potatoes and cabbages—meager, sandy bits of field and then stretches of wild country with poor looking trees that could be used only for fences or firewood. On what do these people live—what occupation do they have in order to earn the money to sustain themselves?

Remarkable to note, I never saw any signs of human life around these habitations, and yet I could see that they were inhabited. I thought of the loneliness in which these people live, and wondered whether they could be happy, thus separated from the rest of the world—whether there were women here,

happy, contented ones—"with a hut and his heart," and thankful for these.

Could I help thinking of our renowned German poet, Fritz Reuter, and who says in his poem "Kein Husung" (No House): The wanderer from across the ocean came back again to his home like a thief in the night, for the child he had left behind. Everything smiled a welcome to him in the beautiful attire of spring—the trees and yellow marigolds were in blossom, and the nightingale sang among the white flowers of the blackthorn bush, and he stood beside the pond where his wife had found solace and rest from her woe.

"D'e Nachtigal dot Water singt  
De Erd de ganze Häven klingt  
Was lebt und weidt, dot bögt de Knei  
Un stimmet in de Melodei:  
Un heilig heilig is, de Städ  
Wo'n Menschenhart eins breten ded."

[The nightingale and the water sing  
The earth and heaven are in tune.  
What lives and breathes joins our prayers,  
And is in harmony with the melody,  
Sacred and holy is the spot  
Where a broken heart found rest.]

But although thus bidden to stay, he presses his child to his breast and cries, "Frei soll er sein—Free he shall be!" But has he found the freedom he sought in those huts in the wild, far away from his

beautiful country? Oh, how much sorrow must the human heart endure, before men bid farewell to home, country and all, to find refuge in the wilderness of a strange land. But we should be grateful to the rich country that has taken under its protection so much misery and has tried to give it comfort and cheer.

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Michigan I reached in the apple-blossoming time. It was the end of May, and under the blooming trees myriads of wild flowers, my favorites, were in blossom. I was carried away by the sight. They decked the fields on all sides of us as we traveled along, and carpeted the meadows. They welcomed me in my room wherever I came, and one in particular which I had never before seen, delighted me—a white blossom called Trillium. The Americans shared my fondness for wild flowers, and these were then the fashion.

A gentleman in Canada told me that he grew more than one hundred different kinds on his country place. Cultivated wild flowers—ah, then the day of *wild* flowers is over. As a child it was our custom to plant and transplant daisies until they became amaranths or thousand beauties as we call them. The experiment is a charming one, but it always gave me sorrow to see my dainty daisy, with its rose-tipped

leaves and golden heart, transformed into the glorious and showy but not so graceful amaranth.

All these flowers rejoiced the heart and sweetened the endless miles of travel. Not at all beautiful were the countless advertisements that appeared on the fences on both sides of the track, and on the rocks in most isolated places, certainly for the benefit of the traveling public only. Pills, soaps, bicycles—in endless variety—were extolled, and just for fun I asked the porter whether certain of the pills advertised were good. “Oh, yes, I’ve tried them myself.” Well, he had fallen into the trap.

The Spring flowers followed me as far north as Lake Superior, to the most northerly point I visited, Duluth, but they had become smaller in that cold, rocky soil.

“Does she really know where she is, and what mighty distances she has already left behind her?” asked my host of my companion as he looked at me in doubt. We were sitting near the open veranda door of a charming villa on the finest street of Duluth. From the rocky hills with their scanty beeches, we looked down onto the beautiful lake and its surroundings. Even in summer, by reason of the eternal ice of the North, the water of the lake is so cold that the chill of death seizes everyone who falls into it, and no one in the greatest heat of summer, dares to bathe in the open. Lake bathing is possible for the

hardy only in sheltered coves where the sun beats down.

In the large fire-place crackled the burning beech logs, but when I felt the brisk, fresh, invigorating air blown to me from the lake, it refreshed me after the almost summer heat I had experienced, and gave me a homelike feeling.

Duluth, as some one explained to me, is the end of civilization in this direction,—further out there is nothing but stone and sand, and still further north, only perpetual ice, for the distance from Duluth to the North Pole is not so great as the number of miles we had covered coming from the Atlantic coast to Duluth.

Duluth is a city of only thirty years' growth, but there are already rows of streets miles long, on the shores of the lake, and more than 50,000 inhabitants. It possesses fine public buildings, and an almost palatial school-house. One could not find a more beautiful one anywhere. To the European, this sudden growth of a city appears always like one of the tales of the Arabian Nights, and as if the Aladdin's lamp had been rubbed, the genii summoned and the city built by magic over night. But Duluth was built by the power of intelligence—energy and industry—and through the might of American progress. This was the genius that produced out of rocks and sandy hills, the city as it now stands.

In the magnificent hall of the school previously

alluded to, I gave a lecture before 2,000 persons. As I looked to the end of the hall, an immeasurable distance it seemed to me, I was quite frightened—"Can you understand me back there?" I asked. Like a sound from another world came back, "Very little." I was in despair, for I wished so much to be heard. Then I asked the audience not to cough so much, perhaps they could then hear me better. But they laughed good naturedly and amiably, and the answer reaching me, "But we can *see you* at least" was a most winning one.

There seemed in many places to be prevalent influenza during my lectures, for coughing was so general, and I could sympathize and understand now the annoyance of the pastor in our village church, for every time he began a sermon or a very long prayer, the coughing began also.

So seldom do visitors come to Duluth, that my coming seemed in the nature of a great event, and so much was spoken and written of me that the very children in the street sang "Baroness von Bülow" as one sings a popular melody. One day during a walk, I asked one of the little boys who the Baroness was, but he did not know and would not believe me when I said that I was that personage.

My visit to the friendly city of Duluth was certainly filled with interesting episodes,—poetical and refreshing in every sense. In the garden of my host, the children and I planted a rose bush as a souvenir

of my stay among them—this too, in the far northern climate is a rare guest. Gayety, however, was ever present, and I experienced the feeling that here the heart never could be sad, for the air was so pure, the sky so blue and the sun so far away smiling and friendly.



## CHAPTER X

### THE INDIANS—THE NIAGARA FALLS—LEGEND

WE read in a newspaper account written by a lady reporter, "At Duluth the Baroness hoped to study the Indians at first hand, another race whose possibilities she feels could be wonderfully developed by Froebel's principles. Yet when she went to Duluth to find Indians she found only one scalp lock which she now treasures."

The latter statement was true so far as the fact of the possession of the scalp lock. It was a rare specimen and I hid it with a shudder among my clothes, intending to bring it to Europe for a friend. But the first part, alas, is an error, for I do not believe that the Indian has much mental vigor, and I fear that his doom is inevitable.

The Indians have never as a race responded to the blessings of civilization, but have always seemed identified with the wilderness and the free life of nature. It is true that in the reservations, Indians work in garden and field, but their labor is irreconcilable with their roving tastes and suppresses their natural instincts. Civilization seems to dry the mar-

row in their bones, besides having made them acquainted with vices that are ruinous. They are born to hunt in the woods and fish in lonely streams, and they will never grow accustomed to other work. Like the gypsies, they breathe freely only beneath the open sky or under the light shelter of their wigwams, and to take them from this condition of freedom and from their intercourse with nature, into the compressed circle of civilization, would mean their extinction.

There are of course individual cases of intelligence and capability among them. Much was told me while I was in Canada of the learning of an Indian, a halfbreed, however, but this type was no doubt an exception. The time does not appear far distant when these children of nature will be but a tradition—when like a legend will be told the story of the red man who with his sidelong gait, roamed in the wilderness, which, like him, will have long since disappeared—and as most interesting reminiscences or relics of these times will they look upon the picture of the old chief in the Capitol in Washington, and at the statue of the Indian in the Chicago park, who is seated on his horse and seems with his glance to be piercing the distance. The realism of the figure and the pose impressed me very much, for I can never think of these vanishing peoples without this feeling of sadness, which we always experience when something very poetical is vanishing forever. But I think

that lifelike statue in Chicago of this calm, dignified warrior, who quietly awaits the fate to which he has to submit will in later years appear as a most poetical figure to the then living Americans.

It would naturally have been of great interest for me to have been able to study the Indians too, especially the Indian children. But in vain I sought the opportunity. Finally I heard with pleasure and some excitement that in the neighborhood of Niagara there was an Indian village, but as usual no one could tell us just how far from our hotel it was. Fortunately, one Sunday we drove out to find it, and at last we reached the place and learned that everyone had gone to church. On our way there we met an Indian child, alas, sick and dying, and the sight made me melancholy, for I felt that it foretold the fate of its race. Then we found the long-looked-for Indians—and disappointment followed upon disappointment, for the chief, who was leading the choir, had short cropped hair and wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and about him were others of his degenerate race;—dirty, miserable looking specimens, with every mental and bodily token of decline, and dressed in motley clothes that seemed to have been cast off by the white people. I left the church with one illusion less.

Often in life the joy has been given me to wonder with delight at the beautiful pictures Nature offers

us, but the sight of the Niagara Falls overpowered me as nothing else had ever done.

On the night of my arrival, I watched from my window the rapids of the river; it was a beautiful starry night and the moon shone full upon the wild stream.

In the light of the early Spring morning we drove to the falls. The first green leaves of the lofty beech trees rustled above us and reminded me of the glorious woods of my native land; the verdure everywhere surrounding us on Goat Island, put us in touch with the scene, and my heart leaped with joyful anticipation—and as I came upon the waterfall I stood speechless but with folded hands.

The charm and magnetism of the place are indescribable. One can stand quite close to the side of the falls; and I stood separated from the water by only a clump of grass and a tiny flower, which I stooped to pick for a friend,—at the same time dipping my hand in the water. When one stands thus, in direct contact with the fall, the majestic mass of water seems almost without motion, not like a rushing torrent, but like a gentle gliding down into the depths, and just this is the striking and the overshadowing part, it seems as if the falls were congealed in their own grandeur.

For the width of a quarter of a mile the water stretched itself, but at my side and down far below in the masses and rifts of snow white clouds of spray

and foam, rested in shining beautiful bright colors, two rainbows spanning the river beneath and fading into the opposite shore. For how many thousands of years have the waters of the Great Lakes been poured over the Niagara Falls! and so it will go on for thousands of years longer, unless that mightier power than even these elements of Nature, human genius, in its all conquering spirit wills it otherwise. That power subjects the greatest and most majestic in Nature, and makes mountain streams and oceans do its bidding.

Few places are so full of romance and poetry as the water-hemmed Goat Island. Rushing streamlets wind among the rocks, grown over with damp moss, or with overhanging knotted trunks and roots of trees, and form caves and secret grottoes.

One involuntarily associates these beautiful spots with the poetical, picturesque figures of the Indians who trod with lingering steps this region which they believed hallowed by the presence of the "Great Spirit."

I wonder if the legend of the Double Rainbow of the Niagara Falls is generally known in America. Its charm clung to me when I heard it on the very spot—

Long before the white man had penetrated into this region where came only the deer to drink or at times the Indian in awe and reverence, seeking the holy ground where his gods dwelt, the red man had

seen among the depths of the fall the shining rainbow in the silvery watercourse.

Formed by the sun in the day and by the moon at night, it was believed by the Indians to be the bridge by which departed souls were carried to the "happy hunting grounds of heaven." It was the custom of the red men of this region to offer from time to time a sacrifice to their Great Spirit. They decorated a white canoe with flowers and fruits, and the most beautiful maiden of the tribe was chosen to take this offering to the God. She was steered over the precipice of water into the clouds of vapor below in the depths—proud to be the messenger for her people and to be allowed to consecrate her life to this service.

Once it happened that the only daughter of a great chief was selected to take the offering. Her mother had long since died, and her father was a great warrior whose severity relaxed only in the presence of his beloved daughter. When she was chosen he gave no outward sign of emotion; no tears filled his eyes, no traces of pain betrayed themselves in his features or showed the sufferings of his soul. The maiden adorned herself and the canoe, and with joyful smiles bade adieu to the tribe assembled on the shore. Then the rapids carried her towards the fall, with arms crossed on her maidenly bosom and dark, shining eyes lifted to the blue sky, she stood among the flowers of the canoe, the tribe following her

eagerly with their eyes. Suddenly they saw another canoe dart from the shore, and in it the majestic figure of their chief, dressed as if for battle. For an instant the canoes floated side by side, and a look of unutterable love was exchanged between father and daughter. Then the canoes leaped the fall and through the snowy clouds of mist they were carried to the happy hunting ground, and into the presence of the Great Spirit. The Indians watching on the bank, hastened to the falls, and looking down into the waters saw a second rainbow appearing beside the first. They were awed by the sight, for they felt that Manitou had accepted their sacrifice and had built a second bridge for the father to cross from earth to heaven. This is the legend of the sacrifice of the Niagara Falls, and the phenomenon of the Second Rainbow.

The tradition of the rainbow as a bridge to heaven we find everywhere among the ancient folks legends. In our German mythology it is the bridge over which the Valkyries carried the fallen heroes from the battle fields to Valhall. Among the Greeks and Romans it was recognized as the colored bridge of the charming Iris, down which this handmaiden of Juno hastened from Olympus to earth, to execute the commands of her queen. Not less poetical is the description in the Mosaic Scriptures of the golden bridge or ladder, which Jacob sees in a dream, and which leads to Heaven. Again, the children of

Christendom speak of the golden stairs which the angels from Heaven descend as they come in the quiet of night to guard and watch over good children. Surely by these shining bridges, ladders and steps must be meant the moon rainbow.

Another charming myth tells us that wherever the rainbow rests on the earth, a treasure lies buried, and only those who are able to reach Heaven on the shining bridge of Love can raise the hidden treasure.

I stood deep in meditation, looking down at the beautiful rainbows—and thinking of the poetical story, when behind me, above the roar of the waters, I heard a voice “Now-a-days, we have no such sacrifices—they are no longer possible.” My whole being was roused—Ah, yes, surely—sacrifices greater than thought can grasp, sacrifices of every kind are being offered to-day and will be always offered so long as love lives on earth. Many for one, and for something, one for all, and one for the other—so long as hearts glow and souls can ascend to the eternal good and great—in Love “*Liebe ist die golden Leiter drauf das Herz zum Himmel steigt*” (Love is the golden ladder by which the heart mounts to Heaven).



## CHAPTER XI

### AMERICAN KINDERGARTENS

LITTLE, perhaps, did the first founders of the American Kindergartens, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Prof. Kraus and Mrs. Kraus Boelte, Dr. Barnard, Miss Marwedel and many other worthy people, dream of the immense possibilities of the Froebel system or the great progress it would make in so short a time. When to-day a city of 700,000 inhabitants, like St. Louis, can boast of one hundred and twenty-seven Kindergartens, and these all free and connected with the public schools, and when Boston can show six Kindergarten training schools, and hardly a city in the Union is without one Kindergarten at least, must we not wonder at what has been accomplished?

And who for the most part has achieved this glorious work? The *women of America*, and I say again, "Hats off to the American women!" and all praise and honor for the government, school directors and the teachers and for every one who has shared the work and stood by these noble women.

I knew that I would find numerous Kindergartens, and deplored beforehand that I could not visit them

all. I knew also that the interest for and recognition of the Froebel cause were great, but that the sympathy was so universal and shared by those of every class, I really had not expected, and it was most touching and inspiring.

I cannot, in this short sketch, give more than a summary of my impressions of the American Kindergartens, but this much must I be allowed to say, "They delighted me, and I love them." And how otherwise could one feel, on seeing these happy little creatures in *charming* Kindergarten rooms full of light and air, and tastefully adorned with pictures, plants and song birds.

The great advantage of the locality and the quarters, for the Kindergartens is due to their connection with the public schools. "Oh, yes, you have these beautiful quarters," I said, jokingly, "but in the future, when I come again, I hope to see all the Kindergartens in possession of real *children's gardens*." Here the children in aprons and shade hats can sow, plant, and harvest to their heart's content. They are to have beds of vegetables, and raise radishes, turnips, etc., and to carry to their mothers parsley which they themselves have grown.

American children, as do all children, love gaily colored, bright flowers, and they are often given them in great abundance, as I noticed when I happened in on "color day." But thousand fold more beautiful the child finds the simplest flower which it

has planted and cared for, and watched with longing expectation. Such a blossom appears in a very different light, and he regards his "own flower" most tenderly. He would much rather see it live and bloom, than have the masses of variegated flowers which he crowds into bouquets without any understanding, or sees with their tender stems withering in his hot little hands. "The flowers are sad," said a little girl to me once, as she saw them dying in her hands, and full of distress, she flung them from her.

What the children themselves plant and tend are like living beings to them, who need loving care and consideration—and this same care and love exert a powerful influence upon the soul of the child, upon the later man—and upon the *education of the people*. It has a broader and better influence than the tenderest circle ever formed, where the children sit hand in hand, high and low embracing with brotherly love. As Schiller says, "Be embraced, ye millions—one kiss for the whole world"—and I say also, let the kiss be given and the circles formed, but they must have their time and place. As I have said it before, I wish now to repeat that the children will be much happier and gayer if they are busy in joyous play or *learning through doing*—mind and body being exercised at the same time, and that they would prefer the changing games intended for the strengthening of the limbs to the skipping which I saw done so often during my visit to America. I like to see

it too, for when skipping is properly done it is a charming sight, but many times it is indulged in without rhyme or reason.

When the law of Froebel's "Connection of Opposites" is universally applied, and heart and soul are fully in touch with the work done by the children, then we see their real joy and pleasure in producing and creating what will give pleasure to others.

Froebel tells us in the *Mutter und Koselieder* (Mother and Cosset Songs) of the tiny child who shapes a flower basket out of his hands to show to his father, and with what delight he looks upon the work of his little hands—and his flowers put in the basket. And what pleasure the children always have and give when they carry home to the family, flowers and vegetables, which they have planted and raised! Then the faces will brighten and beam in the same way that I saw them in a free Kindergarten in Boston. The children had invented designs for me with scalene triangles, and it is not easy to lay circles with these—but when their invention was done, they looked up at me with cheeks reddened by the excitement and joy of creating, to see whether I too shared their pleasure. It was not with a spirit of vanity, but with just pride that they waited modestly until I saw their achievement, and I was charmed with their manner and their work.

Though the true Kindergarten method as Froebel's genius gave it, is in active practice in many

American Kindergartens there are still to be found in some many useless occupations which could be kept for the home, and not take any of the too short time allowed for the Kindergarten—often children have only one or two years at the most for this instruction, because they enter the Kindergarten so late. When they have learned properly how to exercise their productive and creative faculties, perhaps they will have outgrown soap-bubbles and so-called water color paintings. I say useless occupations because as they are pursued generally the children learn as little about painting as they do of the beauty of the colors in themselves—the soap bubbles too, will thus become old-fashioned, as they are indeed (being thousands of years old). Then perhaps they will turn back in their flighty march of progress to what has only an age of fifty years—and yet seems very new to some people. Froebel's method is only half a century old, but as I have said many times, never be pedantic in the Kindergarten—so if the children wish to blow soap bubbles, why not—once in a while—“einmal is keinmal,” as we say in German, and I will even confide to you that the prettiest bubbles are made with green soap. The Kindergarten can in a few words or by a little story bring out the idea that the pleasure of these “fleeting moments” of bubble blowing is so short, and that it is most disagreeable if one, because he blew not skillfully, gets the taste of the soap in his mouth.

If I had a Kindergarten, I would for once and all, let the children daub with paint as freely as they wished, as they splash, for example, in water, or do other things, for this exercise has an educational value also, in showing them that they can produce nothing "beautiful" or lasting in this way—only ugly spots or flecks on aprons and fingers. And then how gladly they will return to their beloved Kindergarten gifts and occupations, which are always adapted to their growing strength and powers, and show them beautiful, satisfying results.

Shall the children learn about colors? Surely, but they must be given clear, distinct colors and easily distinguished shades, for children's eyes are unpracticed and can tell only these. In the first gift, of the ball, the child has learned the primary and secondary colors, and has an impression of color harmony. Now if it is to have a further useful experience with colors, let him learn to mix a clear yellow and clear blue, to produce a bright green—he should be taught that only by the mixture of the primary colors in exact proportions will the desired shade be produced—and he must be allowed to work with pronounced shades only at first. (See Chapter on Connection of Opposites in Biography of Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow.)

Working with shades is not such an easy matter, and much may be left to be explained in the school garden, the continuation of the Kindergarten. In

the Kindergarten, pastel pencils will be found much more practical than water colors; but they must be the best of their kind, for only with pure colors can we teach the child.

It is in, my opinion, a useless waste of time to give children flowers to paint where the color and shading of the petals would be difficult to recognize, and could not easily be produced by them, and I doubt whether the Kindergartner herself often could do what she expects of the children. Surely neither she nor they will be satisfied when they see the work incorrectly or badly done.

Froebel desired that the children should always have *a useful reproductive or creative work, and be given instruction by and through their own efforts.* For the simple pastimes which take up only time, and provide only a passing, momentary pleasure or amusement, we do not need Froebel, *the prophet of a new education.*

My space is too limited, unfortunately, to state here many of the questions asked me in regard to Kindergartens, but about the green gardens for which I make so strong a plea, I must add a few suggestions.

Surely in the smaller cities of the United States, garden land must be found in fullness and plenty, but of course in cities like New York and Chicago, it will be difficult to find ground for that purpose. Most schools, however, have yards or open spaces in

front or around them, and usually by the gates, that could be appropriated for gardens, and what is to prevent using the roofs of the school houses, if nothing else is available? as I used to ask jokingly. I am sure the Americans have too much genius and energy not to be able to accomplish what they desire, despite all obstacles. I was also asked if I considered it a good plan to allow single children to be chosen out of the ring to lead in singing, reciting, etc. Certainly, for the play must be a reproduction of life, and as in the midst of the community represented by the circle of the Kindergarten, each child as an individual must take his part and do his share, as in life, whether well or poorly done. The tact and forethought of the Kindergartner would be exercised, so that each child will have a chance to be chosen from the ring. Then there can be no vanity displayed, and each child should be spurred to do his best, as others have tried before him. Right or proper ambition is a good thing, for out of such ambition springs everything that is great and good in the world. It is the duty of the Kindergartner, and it is in her power too, to direct this ambition in the noble and blessing bringing path. That her knowledge and tact will teach her this, will be conceded to me by everyone who has much to do with "the new education." When one sees how ambitious and interested she is in herself for everything that will advance her work, and how eagerly she studies further,



so that her pupils may be benefited, and what efforts she makes for them, and what endeavors and aspirations are hers as she goes on with the Froebel method, then it is easy to comprehend how such a Kindergartner truly "lives for her children." For she will enter into their kingdom as one of them, and learn from them the needs of individual children. She will understand and be able to enter into their lives and thoughts, then she will be the true educator, then she will understand Froebel and his idea, and attain the highest honor of her sex—and be the educator of mankind.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE POWER OF BEAUTY IN EDUCATION

Only through Beauty's morning gate  
Did'st thou the land of knowledge find  
To merit a more glorious fate,  
In Graces trains itself the mind.  
What thrilled thee through with trembling blest,  
When erst the muses swept the chord,  
That power created in thy breast,  
Which to the mighty Spirit soar'd.  
Says F. von "Schiller."

Translated by  
Edgar Alfred Bowring.

THE Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow says in her "Collected Works"—"Beauty educates—beauty is the harmony of form, the perfection of an expression of an idea. Through form the idea manifests itself, and fructifies the spirit which receives and then unfetters and releases it. So beauty becomes deliverance, and a medium of freedom."

Froebel uses every conceivable means to lead the child from the first morning of his life into this realm of beauty; he gives him an intuition and conception of form, color and proportion, and also shows him how to use latent powers; to recognize harmony, the beginning of art and the origin of all beauty.

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Through beauty of form the soul of man is led to the beauty of the idea to spiritual beauty from outward impressions.

This will be begun in the Kindergarten. With these aids and the assistance given by the teachings of the Mother and Kosset Songs in the hands of mothers as well, it will be easy to surround the budding sons of humanity with beauty, and to allow the ennobling influence of the beautiful to do its part in education.

The Baroness says further, "Proportion, symmetry, harmony, shall awaken music in the child's soul. It is said that the nations in their infancy sang instead of speaking—this is a proof that rhythm and tune are among the first needs of the child. The motions of the body in their grace, express the music of the soul." Therefore it is significant that woman, as the educator of mankind, should embody and represent in her inner consciousness and outward bearing and poise, noble symmetry and charming harmony—in one word—grace—for it is upon her bosom that the child wakes to life. As Froebel teaches us, it is the first impressions that are the decisive ones for life. The smile of the mother, her loving looks and mild glances, the sweet, tender tones of her voice, and even the light rustle of her robes and her soft touch, remain indelibly impressed upon the child's heart.

Even the grayhaired man speaks with eyes lighted

by tender recollections of the grace of his mother, and recalls the soft, beautiful folds of her dress, and her clustering, shining curls, and the dainty touch of her loving hands. As the Baroness says, "The tones which first awaken us from slumber are like unceasing music, which never dies away, so must the mother encompass her child with only harmonious sounds, singing the cradle songs that will awaken their souls."

Observation teaches us how sensitive little children are to unpleasant sounds. They will stop their crying for a moment on hearing the loud noise made by clappers or rattles, but when the disagreeable sound is over, then will the little faces be again wrinkled in grimaces of displeasure, or the angry, plaintive tears break forth. Their movements will indicate the discomfort and dismay they feel at having their sense of harmony so rudely disturbed.

Everything bright appeals to the heart of the child with joy, and he grasps and reaches for the gay with delight—so Froebel gives him for his first impressions of color, clear, beautiful expressions of them. Soon the time comes when the child is to be led further in the world of art, and then Froebel's method comes into play—for he provides him with all the illustrations of the forms of the crystalized world in all their symmetrical beauty. There is not one of the Froebel occupations that does not provide the child with some element of the beautiful, and influ-

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ence his sense of beauty and his taste, and thus he becomes, in his childlike way, very early in life, a little working artist.

Let us think for a moment of the drawing, building and modeling done in the Kindergarten—and how all the beauty of form, color, symmetry and harmony work upon the soul of the child with incomparable charm, and give him unfading impressions. If a divinely graced and favored artist slumbers in a child, he is thus awakened by the pure kiss of early beautiful impressions, to the beauty of life. When he plays his Kindergarten games, he learns quickly how all unmeasured, wild movements, and too loud singing, disturb the harmony and beauty of the whole.

One must preserve the naturalness of childhood withal, the expression of the individual must not be suppressed, only modified. Constraint and lack of grace must not take the place of the charming childlike naturalness. The child soon learns what strength comes to him by the exercise of all the members of his body, and how he acquires a greater ease and facility of movement, and an unconscious grace and beauty—the “*aisance*,” as the French call it, comes to the individual through his being able to move in a natural, unconstrained manner, and the Kindergarten child properly reared, will never be in the uncomfortable position of not knowing what to do with his elbows and hands. For freedom is beauty.

Anxiously we guard the child's senses and soul against impressions of all ugliness and harshness—and such pictures as we present to him must be of the beautiful and best in their way, in composition, color and expression, and in a form to be comprehended by children.

How beautiful it is to be able to lead the children into the province of Nature's glories, and to show them its highest manifestations—and not only to teach them how to see and *feel* the beauty of sunrise and sunset, rainbows, fog, thunder, snow and storm, moonlight and the starry heaven, forests, meadows and fields, birds' songs, trees and flowers, but to admire all these with thankfulness, and to worship devoutly the Creator of all these wonders. For Nature has more of these than our dim eyes can discover, and they speak in language wonderful and sympathetic to the child's mind.

How often we see people who look at trees, and even admire them, when their attention is directed, but how the sun or moonlight's caressing rays rest tremblingly first on this branch and then on the other, and between and over the leaves, dancing back again into the deep shadows, all the reflections of colors playing here and there from light to dark—this they do not see. Nor do they hear as they lie in the shade of the trees, the fairy tales woven in the whisperings of the leaves, nor how all life in Nature, from the greatest to the smallest, in its way and

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through its being speaks, sings and accords with the universal harmony.

As your own beloved poet says :

“ To him who in the love of nature  
Holds communion with her varied forms,  
She speaks a various language.”

Poor indeed is the man who does not perceive, or cannot realize what these revelations are, but when we open the children's eyes and ears early to all the beauties and wonders about them, they will be able to create untold delight for themselves, their ideals will not be lightly destroyed and they will not grow up to believe that this world is only a sorrowful “ vale of tears.” They will have *learned what true enjoyment* is—joy brings happiness and happiness makes goodness. Now the poetry of song and story, fairy tales, fables, legends and myths, will open a new world for them—ringing, singing poetry that penetrates to their hearts—and only those of us who keep ourselves in touch with the children's pure souls can know what these delights mean to them—and what best interests and charms their imagination, without undue excitement, those also will find here—harmony.

Froebel wished for the development and education of the child, that his dramatic instinct or talent be recognized and properly directed, and with justice, for it represents the ideal life for us. It envelops

in rosy hues of the beautiful what the poet calls "Life's plain, every-day figures."

This dramatic instinct in the child can be exercised in little plays, living pictures and above all in the Kindergarten games. There are so many holidays and festivals, Christmas, birthdays, Spring and Summer seasons to celebrate. Out in the open, under the green trees and among the soft grasses and mosses surrounded by sunshine and delights of every kind, the children can gather the flowers which they are to wind into wreaths for others as well as themselves.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than a group of such happy children, dressed in white and crowned with wreaths, skipping and dancing on the green meadow, and nothing can replace for the children, the memory of such a day.

We must not under any circumstances undervalue the influence of the white holiday clothes, and it is a mistake to suppose that this adornment excites the children's vanity. Vanity comes only through the careless, indiscriminate words of older persons. The child is only conscious of the beauty of its dress, which is unknowingly the reflex of its own spotless soul.

This idea of purity has been expressed by the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow in the following exquisite aphorism beginning with Mignon's pleading, "Oh let me *seem* until I *am*;—still robed in my



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white dress"—and so would the lips of children pray if they were capable of expressing their thoughts to those who would rob them of their white dress of purity by teaching them of their sinfulness. For children think themselves beautiful in every dress, and this faith in their purity and beauty gives them inward strength to realize the ideal they strive for. But once the wings of the young soul are clipped, or the white dress of the ideal is torn away, then will faith in his own powers for aspiring and reaching upward be crippled, and the poor naked creature be forced to wander sadly and sorrowfully through the dust and mire of earth, instead of being enabled to rise by the properly directed sense of early awakened beauty.

No, never will mankind attain its glorification and draw Heaven down to earth, so long as one tears away the delicate veil that envelops the child's unconscious soul, and replaces it with the hair cloth robe in which penance must be done for sins never committed. Like makes like—is an eternal law, and Godlike strength is awakened only by faith in it, and by giving it every opportunity to manifest itself—even if at first only in the play of imagination or the dress of imitation.

The devil appears when he is painted on the wall, and here also the opposite picture is awakened by the representation. Childhood's dreams of heroic deeds and beauty of soul of every kind, will be fulfilled

when its strength is rightly exercised for the good, on the other hand the ghosts and phantoms conjured up for children may become realities. Oh leave them the brief happiness of their beautifully dreamed realities, until the latter themselves intrude upon their Eden. The illusions of youth, beauty and splendor, will ever be the shields against evil, even if disappointments come bitter and more bitter. Much better to have had these illusions that are the images of the only true reality of beauty, even if life later destroys them and offers in their place but phantoms and caricatures.

How will Ideality and Reality reconcile themselves in the life of man, its highest God-given task, if childhood and youth do not live this harmony in semblance at least. "Every truth was once a semblance, and every semblance may become reality when its appearance is of eternal beauty."

## CHAPTER XIII

### COMFORT

IF some one should ask me what I found the most beautiful thing in America, I should answer "The Niagara Falls"—the most remarkable? the grave of President Grant. I mean the resting place of his remains before they were finally entombed in the magnificent mausoleum I admired in its unfinished state. What I found the least beautiful? This I will never tell—one must read something between the lines. What I liked the best? Of a certainty, the eyes of the American women—so sympathetic and intelligent—and please don't think me material when I say—crackers.

These crackers which after my first taste of them, became my main stay and comfort during the long fasting hours of distant journeys, before I learned how delightfully equipped and comfortably regulated were the dining cars of the trains, and that through the courtesy of the cooks and porters, and in hotels and private homes, I could have day or night my accustomed gruel.

In response to "The Baroness wants her gruel and crackers"—would come my bowl daintily tied

with the German colors. The hospitality of the Americans one must have experienced as I did, in order to understand my appreciation and delight. Their kind thoughtfulness and careful planning for every need of their guest made me feel, surrounded as I was by everything strange and new, quite at home among them.

Somebody had told me that I would have no stairs to climb in America, and I was overjoyed to hear it—alas, I found this was not quite true. I never in all my life had to mount so many steps as I did in my eight weeks' sojourn in America. I climbed in private houses those small, steep steps covered with thick, dark carpet of undistinguishable design and which rendered the steps almost noiseless. Only once was I pleased with the staircases—and this was during a reception in Boston when for lack of space, the steps were lined and filled with pretty young girls, Kindergarten pupils who sang most charmingly, and with their smiling, happy faces helped to make a very pretty picture.

When one thinks of the prevailing haste and movement in the life of the American women, and all the steps that have to be climbed, one can well understand why at last they sink exhausted in the arms of their rocking chairs. Here they find rest and comfort after the fatigue of the day—lulling body and mind as children were rocked in the good old cradle days, before modern hygienic teaching robbed them

of this delight. The staring look and peculiar expression which cradle-rocked children assume, I found again in the rocking-chair occupants, and, though I had been told that this expression in children came from the irritation of the brain, there seemed to be no bad effects evident here, for the ladies always rose from their chairs refreshed and invigorated and looking as fresh as ever. But I could never get accustomed to those rocking-chairs! When I recovered from my fright on seeing the black cat in the waiting room in New York, and looking around saw twenty-five or thirty rocking-chairs, each with an occupant with the same blank, staring expression, I gave one glance and then hurried from the spot, and ever afterwards in my travels avoided rocking-chairs. But I did revel in the elevators of the hotels—nothing was so delightful as to fly up and down in them, from the earth to one's Olympus of a rented hotel room. In Boston, where we had a constant stream of visitors, and the darkies appeared with the cards announcing them, there was an incessant ascent and descent. When the darkey appeared, Miss Hofer would fly down and then up again to fetch me, and then we both flew down together, and after a little while floated upward. But at that instant the call boy would again appear with cards, coming up from the lower regions, and we would have to follow him and fly down again.

How quick these black messengers can be, and

how readily one gets accustomed to the expressions in vogue and the words used in familiar intercourse—the so-called Americanisms—"That's it," "I guess so," "All right," "Oh, is it that?" or "Is that so?"

When I landed in America I used all the translated expressions of friendly greeting, and the phrases that would make known my wishes and desires in most polite fashion. "I should like to have," or "Please give me" seemed to please and be understood, yet rarely did I get what I wished, but when I learned to say "I *want*," I was served as if by magic, and when I said to a darkey "Right away," or "hurry up," his eyes would shine and his face beam with a delighted grin that showed all his white teeth, and with one spring and a bound he would dart off in a quick step, as if he realized that my words would admit of no tarrying.

With the feeling of being so near the clouds in the eighth, ninth or twelfth story of an hotel, and with so many floors below, one no longer wondered at the low ceilings, so much lower than those in the high-priced European hotels. What tower-like buildings these American hotels would become, if their fourteen or twenty-one stories were built with ceilings like our own three and four story ones. These low ceilings I found to be the fashion, even in private dwellings and palatial residences, and observed high, lofty ones only in large halls and in some of the

salons of the princely hotels. How unbearably hot these low ceiling rooms can become when the lights are lit, or during warm weather. Of their temperature (which I measured by my own Reaumur), we with our modest fourteen or fifteen degrees R. could have no idea unless we experienced it. But the Americans seem to be unaware of the heat, for I seldom found a thermometer about, and yet I do not think they are insensible to it entirely, else why all the ice cream that is on every menu for desert, and the great demand for ice water. This cooling of the inner-body after so much dry, unhealthy heat in the rooms, seems to be a physical necessity.

Good water and milk, fine bread and butter I found everywhere in America, and chickens too, in roasted form, greeted me everywhere. In the German lady there is always somewhat of the good "haus frau" (house wife), who is proud to be able to play the cook herself and be superior to her when it comes to more accurate and finer preparations. But we learn cooking in all its branches, just as the superintendent or director of a factory has a working knowledge of every craft that he must pass judgment upon. As I liked to speak of my proficiency as a cook, I was often invited, while in America, to prepare a roasted chicken according to a North German recipe which I pride myself on, and which accomplishment I assure you entitles me "uber zu sein," as we say in German (das müssen—to be

above) many cooks. Will my kind, indulgent friends over the ocean let me now in these pages cook for them, and will they do me the favor of giving my recipe a trial and telling me how they succeeded? It is really a very good recipe for roast chicken.

Naturally when I get ready to roast a chicken, I consider every point accurately as I do with everything I expect to have well done—and first comes what I will use in the roasting. I need, of course, first the chicken, some smoked bacon, one-half pound butter, a little salt, an evenly heated, glowing oven, with an iron movable stand which every good oven has, to prevent direct contact with the floor of the oven, a long spoon, a little pot with cold water, a larding needle, an iron pan, and a couple of cloths for opening the oven door and handling the hot pan. Now we are ready to begin. The chicken which has been well hung by its throat so that the gall will not run, is now nicely washed after being cleaned, and then larded evenly over the breast with bacon. After salting a little, I place the chicken with two extra pieces of bacon over the larded breast in the pan, which has been somewhat heated. Then I look after my oven. It must be glowing. For a moment I let it cool off, in the meantime melting a fourth of the butter and pouring it over the breast of the chicken. I now shove the pan in the oven and shut the door. A minute or so after I begin the



basting with part of the butter and three or four tablespoons of cold water, basting at intervals of a minute. After the chicken has been roasting ten minutes on the floor of the oven, I put it on the stand before alluded to, and continue to baste as before. After fifteen or twenty minutes of roasting, the chicken should be done, and I then try it with a little pick needle near the leg. If the juice is red then the chicken must roast a little longer, but if it is clear and white, then the chicken is done. I put the remaining butter in the pan to keep the gravy from getting too dark. I take the chicken and the gravy also from the pan. The chicken should be light brown on its breast, and the bacon not black but delicately browned. The meat of the chicken must be white, and around the joints slightly pinkish. Such a chicken melts on the tongue like butter, and is ambrosia for the gods—and I would like to see the man who, when he eats this delicious morsel, would not be wreathed in smiles as he praises the cook! A little watercress as garnish, and cucumber salad with it, and what more will you want. But a word concerning cucumber salad. I stand for freedom always, and allow everyone the liberty of his own opinion, and leave everyone to his taste, but I would like to suggest that cucumbers should be given to us *prepared*, and incidentally I might add, *properly* prepared. I wonder if you would like to try my way. Take a firm, fresh, slender cucumber, peel it thor-

oughly from stem to end—try it to see if the cucumber is bitter, if so, our labor is lost and we must take another. Now take up with a napkin the cucumber in the left hand, and deftly cut it with a fine, sharp-bladed knife into such thin slices that the moon can shine through, as we are used to saying. Pour over the slices two tablespoonfuls of the best oil, and at the last moment mix in one full tablespoon of vinegar and a saltspoon of salt, and a dash of pepper, mixing with a wooden spoon and fork. Surely this mode of preparation will be found much more palatable and healthy than the way I have often seen them served, cut in thick slices and the preparation with oil and vinegar an after consideration. When eaten as I have suggested in the above recipe, I am confident that the fortunate gourmet will find cucumber salad not only to his taste, but agreeable to his digestion as well.

The stars seemed to foretell that everywhere *we* came, green asparagus served with milk sauce would also be forthcoming, for we met it during our entire journey through the United States and Canada, and I was accustomed to look for it at every meal as one greets an old friend whose presence seems necessary.

Delightfully comfortable were the porcelain bathrooms found adjoining our bed-rooms, and the American gave me the impression of great cleanliness, looking as his English brother does, as though he had just emerged from his tub. His daily bath

seems as much of a necessity as the iced water at every meal, and the sour strawberries which he eats before breakfast.

The American is a great traveler, and sees and buys much, and it must often be difficult to place all his treasures of various kinds in his home. A private museum built adjoining his house, as the Japanese have it, where all the valuables could be exhibited, might solve the problem. I wish that traveling Americans would have the opportunity more often of seeing the homes and castles of our landed estates in Europe, and would note the solid comfort and harmonious settings that prevail throughout, and are evident everywhere and appropriate always, from the livery of the servants to the comfortable, beautiful carriages.

Of course I saw in the large cities of America, many exquisite homes and fine horses too, but not nearly so many as we have in Europe—surely we must have something conceded to us. I had admired and wondered at the good, old yellow stage coach which Buffalo Bill exhibited in Europe, and America, but I was equally interested in the wagons or carriages in which I was driven over the country, especially in the South and West, for they were without being old or yellow, quite reminiscent of that stage coach. I had always my fears and apprehensions when we climbed over the high wheels, first steadying ourselves on the large stone step on the

sidewalk from which we had always to mount, and I never alighted from the fine two-horse vehicles which carried us from place to place in the cities without getting bruised in some way or damaging the feathers of my hat.

As I rattled over country roads, stony, dry creek beds, and the unpaved streets of the suburbs, in the so-called pleasure carts, I no longer wondered why they were so built. An old childish memory of the country roads in my dear old home, Mecklenburg, rose before me, and I was again being driven in our heavy carriage over the roads which were famous throughout Europe for being as bad as it was possible to have them. There every landed proprietor had to care for the part of the road or street adjoining his property, and each owner worked out to his own satisfaction all his ideas as to street improvement, and the result was often anything but a success. He was obliged also to keep the roads in repair, but many times in winter they would be absolutely dangerous, there being so much travel from one estate to the other. It was necessary to have very heavy hunting carriages, and coaches, to which four large horses were harnessed, on two of which two jockeys were mounted. I remember how as a child I delighted to look out of the little window above my carriage seat, and watch the bumping up and down of the jockeys, and then the water would splash out of a deep hole and the heavy wagon would

roll to the side, and the worthy old ladies cry out, "Oh, heavens, we'll surely be upset"—but the four horses, and the two riders and the coachman held the carriage firm until we happily arrived at our destination. Thick cushions and good springs protected us somewhat from the bumps, and when the moonlight failed, two outriders carrying torches accompanied us—to give us more light than could the two silver carriage lanterns with their wax candles. How these American carts and landaus stand the cut-up roads of early Spring when the snow is melting, I can't imagine, for the water must dash and splash to the seats as the sides are not protected by doors.

When one hears of the "wild, wild West," which I expected to see and did not find, one associates with it the revolver and bowie knife, and I awaited with interest and horror the moment when either of these instruments would be placed on the dining table by its owner. But neither revolver nor bowie knife was ever forthcoming, and with our harmless table knives of plated silver we found it difficult to even cut our meat, and certainly they could not be used for deadly purposes.

The American idea of comfort is very different from the European, but I certainly found over there much that was agreeable, instructive and interesting to observe.

And now I come to the last of the questions the interviewer put to me, "And what do we Ameri-

cans not have?" Oh, well—then, I would answer, "In America I saw no gray or black bread, no sausages, no raw ham, no feather beds (whether they have geese or not I do not know, for I never saw one), no good, white, dear porcelain stoves, no night candles, and no nightingales. But they can do without these, for they have so many other good things.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SCHOOLS, SCHOOL AND YOUTH GARDENS, THE CONTINUATION OF THE KINDERGARTEN

AMONG the many prominent features of American institutions, their fine schools take one of the foremost ranks. I learned to admire them sincerely. The exterior and interior arrangements are complete, and so many aids and material means for the practical illustration of the theories taught, I have never elsewhere seen. The new school buildings in the cities are almost palatial, the one I particularly noticed is in Detroit.

I got the impression that in every way, in room and materials, and above all in the intelligence of school boards and the body of teachers, America is admirably fitted to carry out the true Froebel method in its entirety, from foundation to its highest point. This colossal achievement, worthy of the greatest admiration, bids fair to be accomplished. May the "Stars and Stripes" ever float gaily over all that is good and beautiful—and also over the "New Education!"

With the greatest willingness, and really heart-winning courtesy, I was shown through the Ameri-

can schools. The presidents of colleges, superintendents, directors and the school corps showed me so much kindness that I can think of them only with the most sincere gratitude.

About school gardens and their continuation into youth gardens, the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow in her *Collected Works* says, "What is begun in the Kindergarten must be further continued in the school garden, according to Froebel's idea. Each is a complement of the other, having a common purpose, and one dovetails into the other. The Kindergarten is the little world for earliest childhood, in which the bud of mankind can freely and naturally unfold itself. From the work begun here by the productive and creative faculties, the pupil in the school garden advances by degrees to more artistic productions. The different plastic arts, music vocal and instrumental, poetry, recitation, declamation, dramatic representations of the children's own productions, dancing, sports of every kind, gymnastics, swimming, boating, military tactics, yes, even hunting within bounds, field excursions, gardening, agriculture, workrooms for different trades and occupations—all of these could be not only alternated but combined in an organic connection with the school proper" (see the *Biography of the Baroness*), so that the heart and mind's strength may be developed; the good and beautiful, and the activity through early creation and production of the useful and practical



be stimulated. For the play-ground, as Froebel organized it, a part of the room required for these exercises during recreation hours, has already been provided. The large assembly halls and class rooms will suffice for the handicrafts and artistic work. For gymnastics, swimming, etc., the places are near at hand, and now is needed a fitting garden space for the other mentioned practical occupations.

We have had all of these variously dispersed, and more or less at hand, but it is necessary to put them on an organized basis in the school, and guard against one sided development of the intellect at the expense of the bodily health. For this will render impossible the harmonious unfolding of the being in all directions. By the consequent shortening of the prescribed study hours, there will be no loss in the general mental development, on the contrary it will be advanced, inasmuch as the development through productive and creative activity which claims both mind and body at the same time, will gain in compass, thoroughness and completeness. The Kindergarten has in this way prepared for the school garden.

*The further development of the Froebel method does not mean its alteration or improvement, for in itself, as Froebel gave it, it is complete and perfect, and provides for the continuation of the system for children of riper years.* It was of the greatest value to have Froebel's ideas concerning the further em-

ployment of his method developed and placed before us by the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow in her celebrated book "Labor and the New Education." (See Biography.)

Here I can give only a brief resumé of what I said in Boston and Toronto concerning the school gardens. Since the worthy endeavors of Prof. Erasmus Schwab of Vienna, twenty years ago, were successful in establishing many of these school gardens connected with the school proper, more or less extensive ground and plots of land notably near Vienna, Brünn and numerous places in Germany are being cleared and transformed into fields and gardens by the children. This occupation is of immense advantage in the development of the body and character of the child and youth—and the pedagogical value of these institutions as factors for popular education cannot be gainsaid. The child learns not only fulfilment of duty, but has great enjoyment too, in working thus for the general good. He learns to tend and take care of things, and becomes acquainted with the use, value and beauty of indigenous plants.

Let then our youth establish a home in the fields of Nature, by their own strength. Let them have a share in the things produced, the result of their own industry, let them take pleasure in the fruits or flowers, or let them have the still more ideal enjoyment of sitting under the shade of the trees they have

planted, and scenting the rose tended by themselves. Surely we shall be requited by seeing a more ideal character in the grown-up man. The being who in this manner has also his share of land and soil, has no longer the feeling of being shut out of possession, and he who has contributed to the beautifying and utilizing of the soil feels so much affection for his work that it appears to him a property he must guard, defend and preserve; it would be his last thought to roughly disturb or destroy it, for he knows the work it entailed to bring it to perfection. And the joy he finds in what he has created is natural—for it means "my garden, my wood, my field,"—and when he wanders at holiday times to the woods, with what pride he points to "*my tree*."

The youth garden (Yugend Garten) in this cultivation of the soil naturally attaches itself to the school garden (schul garten), the larger children having to look after the heavier work. The girls are not by any means to be shut out of this development plan, and surely in America we need not fear their standing aloof. They will do their share of cultivating the gardens and soil, and continuing along the lines of the Froebel method will produce truly artistic work. The more pleasure they find in manual employment the better it will be.

I saw girls in Boston merrily engaged in kitchen work, and again in New York, others cutting out their commencement dresses, and this pleased me ex-

ceedingly. How much better than to do Sloyd work—for what do we want with inartistic occupation in our highly civilized countries. It might be of service in the new Klondyke regions and newly discovered gold fields, or in the wildest parts of the “wild, wild West,” or in the backwoods, but most of us buy our wooden spoons and lemon squeezers for a few pennies, and we are so spoiled that we expect even pretty patterns. The Sloyd is a blessing as an evening occupation for peasants and fishers in lonely, isolated villages and along the coasts of Northern Europe which are in a certain degree undeveloped.

If it finds a place in these communities I cannot see how it accords with our culture, and I begrudge every moment that is taken from the too short school course, and spent in unnecessary occupations. Besides such rude wood carving spoils the hands and fingers of women, who need soft hands for the tender touch of the nurse and for all the beautiful work done in life. And so I think we can buy the necessary implements for household use, and can order our food to be cooked and brought from restaurants, but every mother must care for her child, and guard it especially in the early years, and to do this properly she must have the very best early training—so again I plead for the introduction of the Froebel method into the course of study in the higher classes for girls. *Of all the necessary things it is the most necessary.*

## CHAPTER XV.

### A FAIRY TALE

IN response to the request of the American ladies, that I should send them some of my "stories," I present them with the following fairy tale, which I wrote to amuse my dear aunt after the day's fatiguing mental work. It is one of a collection an entire volume called "Abend märlein für mein Mütterlin" (Evening tales for my little mother) which I dedicated to my aunt (whom I always called "mein Mutterlein") under Goethe's verse:

"For thee were it better  
To lie here reviving  
In coolness thy body  
Outwearied with striving—  
The rest that eludes thee  
To taste and be free  
I will rustle and murmur  
And whisper to thee.

II Faust.

Translated by Bayard Taylor.

### THE FLOWER MONSTER

A mild May rain fell softly and quietly on the thirsty flowers and leaves, which it refreshed as with a delicious drink. Although it brushed off many of

the tender stemmed lilac and fruit blossoms to the earth, their sister flowers bloomed the more beautiful, and there was a wonderfully delicate Maylike fragrance in forest and meadow. But the little four-legged creatures who so gaily creep and crawl over the plants from the large trees down to the grass blades do not love the rain as much as the plants do, and so they hide under them, seeking protection from the fine May rain which to them is like a heavy shower.

Under the wide spreading Rib-wort which grew thickly along the way, and seemed like a covered forest to them, many of these little crawlers had gathered, and while they listened to the down dropping rain on the leafy roof above them, they told the news of their little world.

Among the number were many May bugs, lady-bugs, spiders of all kinds and black ground bugs, and these grouped themselves with great curiosity around the disagreeable May bug who had just told them the greatest bit of news.

"Now, what more do you want," he grumbled, "I haven't seen it myself and can tell you only what I heard."

"But do tell us, dear May bug," said the lively lady-bug, "a flower monster! such a thing must be impossible—a flower that unlike others, does not live on dew, air and sunshine, but seizes living insects and sucks their blood. O this is incredible."

"Well, I cannot account for its being so," abruptly answered the story teller.

"And you do not even know its name?" pursued the little questioner. "And are we not already surrounded by many enemies who lie in wait for us in the air and earth—and must we now have to fear the sweet little flowers, and fly about anxiously lest we be eaten by them too?"

"Indeed, this is terrible," chimed in the others, "but this must be investigated and we must inform ourselves if this flower monster really exists, what it is named and where it lives, so that we can guard ourselves against it."

After long discussions and many disputes, the insects finally concluded to send several of their number on voyages of discovery, and these were to meet at this same place and at a certain fixed hour, to bring the accounts of their experiences in the search for the flower monster.

Our little lady-bug was one of the emissaries chosen. It looked out carefully from under the leafy forest to see whether the rain had ceased, when with a thump down fell a large drop from the leaf above on its head. But that was a fright! the poor lady-bug sank immediately into unconsciousness, that is, it laid itself upon its back and drew in its feelers and legs. Such a drop of water is like a bucketful to these little insects, and why should they not become unconscious after such a downpour. But the

water ran off quickly from its glossy body, and our little lady-bug presently stretched out its legs, then its feelers, and at last crawled up on its legs and shook itself. "Oh! what a shock!" it said, and ran rapidly under the leaf to escape other drops.

"Hurrah! the rain is over, and here comes the sun," and with that it spread its wings, first the smooth black red-flecked ones, and then the under robe of transparent gauzy wings, and whizz—away it flew into the air and over the meadow.

"Where can it be," mused the tiny traveler, "this terrible monster, and how does it look. Certainly red, blood red or at least spotted with red—ugh! but it is indeed too terrible!"

It looked down distrustingly on all its good old friends in the meadow, at the harmless snap dragon spreading his leaves in the sunshine, and the little bell flowers on which rain drops were still trembling, and even at the innocent dainty daisies, and the dear sweet blue forget-me-nots. But the lady-bug saw how peacefully they grew thus together, and stood side by side without a trace of the extraordinary or bloodthirsty about them—and so it approached them courageously and asked:

"Do you know the flower monster?"

"The flower monster!" they repeated with a titter as they wonderingly nudged one another. "What is it, what can it be?" and then they were duly told of the purpose of the lady-bug's travel.



“We know nothing,” said the flowers; “we bloom only in the sunshine and have nothing in common with such as you tell us of.” But they chuckled and chatted as with many nods they discussed the news the lady-bug brought—as flowers and insects understand one another, and the little lady-bug could hear what the flowers were saying, as it flew away over the meadow and down to a mossy bit of earth near the brook, where lived the dearest friend it possessed. To her the lady-bug flew as often as it could to confide all it knew, sitting in the moss opposite in deep contemplation of her beauty. She was hardly more than a span’s height and her yellow eyes looked out so childlike and innocently from the many little rosy white petals, which formed as it were a crown. Down below on the stem beautiful green leaves spread themselves over the ground. Tender red veins were traced through the green, and around every leaf, shone a row of clear transparent drops that seemed to be pressed out of it, and shimmered in the sunlight like a necklace of diamonds.

“Sweet little sundew, or as others call you, *Drosera*,”\* said her little admirer, “here I am again, but only think of what I have to tell you—of what I am seeking to-day,” and then the story of the flower monster was told.

The *Drosera* listened and her diamond necklace

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\* *Drosera*—belonging to the well known family *Drosera rotundi foli*.

gleamed, while the little insect sat still and looked at her, because it thought her so beautiful.

Suddenly the lady-bug became enraged, and its feelers trembled with anger as a large daddy-long-legs spider with its long legs flew directly towards the *Drosera*.

"You clumsy thing," it called out, advancing courageously toward the intruder, "Can't you see that a lady is standing here—did one ever see such rudeness?" and presently the daddy-long-legs fell over on its side in the grass from a pinch in one of its legs which the little lady-bug had given it.

"He doesn't know any better," murmured the Sundew, "you must excuse him."

"Yes, but you are so good," rejoined her companion, "altogether too good,—but good bye, I must now resume my travels, and will soon visit you again," and with a wafted kiss and salute, our would-be-discoverer flew further to its hermit friend who lived by a rock. This was the Thousandfoot, or *Scolopendra*. Like most of his family he had grown old and wise, having kept his eyes and ears open during the course of his long life. At the base of the rock was his hermitage, a small opening grown thickly over with moss, and here the centipede lay stretched out full length, sunning himself after the rain, for dampness combined with sunshine is the right weather for him.

"It is long since my eyes have seen you, and although I possess many legs, they become weaker and more languid with each day, and so I cannot visit such flighty creatures as you are."

"Thousandfoot," said the lady-bug, "I too am weary, but it is from seeking. Do you, who have had so much experience, know of a flower monster that feeds on the blood of insects?"

The centipede drew himself together as if considering. He knew nothing of the matter, but he would not acknowledge his ignorance.

"For many years," he began, "I traveled for my instruction, and once I went to the park behind a village. I lived for several weeks by the walls of the conservatory, and many times looked through the windows, and once, too, I even took a walk among the plants in the hot-house, but I could not stand the heat. Here I saw, however, two plants which are doubtless those you are seeking—I wanted to crawl over the leaves and onto the branch of one of these, but I nearly fell off, for as soon as my front legs touched the leaf, its edges folded together under me. Later I noticed that this strange plant did this at the lightest touch. She was called, I remember it distinctly, the 'Modest Mimosa.'"

"Oh, no," said the lady-bird, "the flower monster is not so bashful, on the contrary, she seizes everything that comes near her."

"Then," answered the centipede, "it must be the

other plant. This one closed securely over whatever fell or crawled upon her, and her leaves held them fast until their strength was exhausted, and she thus embraced them until they died."

"Did she suck their blood, did she feed herself with them?" inquired the eager listener full of expectation.

"No, she let the dead bodies fall as soon as she felt no movement or further opposition. I often saw dozens of these corpses lying on the flower pot."

"Then this cannot be the right flower monster, either," sighed the lady-bug, "for mine sucks the blood instead of living on dew and sunshine—it is horrible!"

The centipede was silent with vexation.

After a little pause the lady-bug continued, "how is it that one's existence is dependent on the destruction of others—the midge buzzes and dines gaily off little insects that come his way in the air, but the spider is waiting longingly in her net, and soon the midge has fallen into the snare, and become the victim of the spider. But while she is busy devouring her prisoner, down flies a bird and snaps her up, and then hides himself covertly in the bushes, for enemies without number are ready to take his life in order that they may live. Such is the course of Nature—a continual destruction."

"They will be punished by the very sins they have committed," grumbled the centipede, "but do not

forget that from every destruction or death springs new life and prosperity—sometime, according to my views, there must be an equalizing and reconciling of all these things—when everything will be so ennobled and purified that this annihilation of others in order that life may go on, will not be a necessity of being, but this time is yet far off, I fear, and until then we must submit to our fate. I scent an enemy, for there is such a rustling in the moss forest—yes, there he comes, the miserable horned beetle. Let us seek refuge in my hermitage, dear friend, which is too narrow for the invader. Not even in old age are we allowed to live in peace, and devote our years to meditation—everywhere eternal necessity pursues us for life through destruction.”

Shaking their heads they retired into safety until the enemy had passed on, when the lady-bug flew away, carefully buzzing along the rocky wall and then soaring into the dizzy heights. Wherever in the crevices of the rocks a bit of earth rested, the flowers had blossomed forth, but they were all so gentle and joyous in looks and manners—and they as well as the large *Rhododendron* that grows at such heights that it can look far over the country, knew nothing of the flower monster.

The little insect came back to earth, and as it flew slowly over the fields, it noticed suddenly a flower that certainly looked extraordinary, and close beside it, another stranger still in appearance. They ap-

peared to be relatives, for they had decided family resemblances. One of the plants looked as though covered by myriads of little mosquitoes; this was most deceptive, for on looking closely one could see that they were flowers and not insects. The other plant looked almost frightful, for between white-leaved petals that were like two upward floating wings of doves, a death's head was set.

"Surely this must be it," the lady-bug murmured, seating itself in the grass to observe the plant further. But insects of all kinds flew around and upon the flower, speaking confidently to it, and then unharmed flying away again.

Then our little observer taking heart also approached and spoke to the death's head, and learned that its name was *Orchis Moris*, and that its cousin standing by bore also the same name. When the insect had told the *Orchis* honestly what its impression of her had been, she answered:

"I know that I am strange looking, perhaps ugly, but withal I am not wicked and I do no one any harm. There is the mole, who has dragged my roots half out of the earth,—spiders and bugs crawl over me and buzz in my ears, all this I do not like, but I do not defend myself, for I do not even know how."

"You are right," said her listener, quite ashamed. "There lives at some distance the prickly thorn, it looks truly barbaric, yet we know how peaceful and

innocent he is. Just so with the unapproachable thistle. She herself is sorrowful if one comes too near and gets pricked, for she has a soft heart under her hard covering. But *you* are not ugly, Orchis, for only the unnatural is ugly. Above your death's head is the emblem of resurrection, a pair of innocent doves flying towards Heaven—surely a beautiful thought, my Orchis floweret. But I must return, for when the sun sets I must be again under the Ribwort to give an account of myself, but I have nothing to tell, for I have found nothing. Perhaps the whole thing is only a fable.”

So it flew back over the meadow until it again rested beside its beloved friend, the Drosera. She stood as quiet and lovely as ever, with the splendor of the diamond rays about her, and the visitor looking at her could only gaze and admire as it told its story.

“But,” and this indignantly, “how can anyone be so rude—somebody has thrown a shrivelled spider’s leg right under your leaves, and here lies another”—and the little creature carried them angrily to one side. “Politeness and gallantry towards ladies seems (in the world) to be coming to an end,” it grumbled, coming back to its place to admire further the Sundew flower.

“Beware, take care, she is false,” whispered a tiny moss flower in the lady-bug’s ear,”—but enraged over such a slander, the insect quickly bit the head

of the floweret off. Now the moss would no longer be able to give warning, and must await the coming of the following spring.

Just at this moment as if by accident a little ant came running by. She seemed to be in great haste and ran directly across the flower, and before the angered lady-bug could prevent it, she was on one of the red-veined leaves of the *Drosera*. Oh, horror! what did the little observer have to see, poor thing. One of the diamond drops on the leaf's edge covered the leg of the ant as with glue, and then the entire leaf quickly closed together around the prisoner and pressed it tightly.

"Oh, I am dying, my blood is going"—the ant called out, but presently her voice died away. The poor little lady-bug seemed frozen to the spot—involuntarily turning on its back with feelers and legs drawn in. On coming to itself it called out, "Oh, you shameless one, you detestable creature, and I thought you so good, so innocent—oh, how abominable."

"I cannot help it," murmured the flower, it is not my fault that I cannot live on dew and sunshine, but it is my nature,—I *must, must eat*."

"Then devour me too," cried the despairing insect, "for I no longer desire to live."

"Keep back," warned the flower, "you must die if you touch me."

But it was too late, for the lady-bug had rushed



blindly onto the leaves, and like the ant was soon a prisoner. The leaf closed tightly over it and the red veins sucked its blood—

Then the sun went down. The insects had assembled at the appointed place and told all they had *not* been able to find out during their voyages of discovery. As I believe this happens often with such journeys, so it was nothing extraordinary. But the lady-bug did not appear—and at last, it was decided to search for the traveler.

A glow worm, with its lantern, preceded the procession.

There, by the *Drosera* in the moss, and beside the wounded brown moss floweret, they found the black and red mantle of their companion. Then began their lamentations—"Some enemy has destroyed you, poor friend," they wailed—as they buried the mantle with great splendor and ceremony. Our brave one shall have a fine obituary and a beautiful monument with a fitting inscription, for having fallen in the service of knowledge.

"I know, I know all about it," whispered the mosses together, waving their brown heads, and soon the whole meadow was singing of the story of the little lady-bug murdered by its friend.

The insects listened, and then filled with rage gathered themselves into a body and advanced towards the *Drosera*. There she stood, calm as ever, looking out from her rosy white blossoms with the same in-

nocent eyes, and around her leaves the sparkle of diamond dew-drops. The revengeful insects rushed upon her, biting her smooth stem and nipping at the roots. But the leaves seized upon the enemies and many met their death. But the flower said as before, "I cannot help it. I must, *must* eat." Her stem was drooping and her crown fell upon one of her own leaves, which closed, dying over the beautiful flowers which it watered with tears of dew.

When the sun again rose, the flower lay withered on the ground, surrounded by numbers of murdered insects which the powerless leaves had to surrender. Many insects and other flowers looked on the scene of battle, and the moss sang of it, but the story was soon forgotten, for there are so many other things in the world.

The summer passed by and after the Winter sleep came Spring with her May, and with her soft rain and delicious fragrance in forest and field. But in the mossy meadow by the brook, a charming flower blossomed again, and once more her necklace of dew sparkled in the sunshine.

"Flies and mosquitoes and all you crawling creatures, take care—what appears so charining may also be dangerous." It is always the same in Nature—Death and New Life—and the while the beautiful *Drosera* still sings "*I must, must eat.*"

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK

ALMOST like a fairy vision appear my recollections of the harbor of New York—with its wave-beaten island rising from between the waters of its two mighty streams, its heaven-towering, white buildings looming up from the shore like Cleopatra Needles, and the broad arch of the magnificent Brooklyn bridge spanning from shore to shore. Calm and sublime in the midst of all this powerfully pulsating life, stands the majestic statue of Liberty guarding the entrance to the country and greeting the thousands of wanderers who come to its hospitable shores from across the ocean. Some driven by many sorrows to find rest here, others seeking a livelihood and many coming to hide themselves after life's failures, or, with the last glimmer of hope, striving to begin life anew. To all, Liberty opens her arms and offers a welcome.

Often in the night when the dismal hollow sounds of the steam whistles in the harbor waked me from my dreams, I shuddered when I heard their sorrowful tones. To me they were the disappointed hopes

of the friendless and starving souls—the cry ascending to Heaven of the thousands in the endless stream of the suffering and striving.

The stranger in the great city notices but little of all this misery, and a visitor of distinction receives comparatively few of the begging letters, which beset us in our own country and which make one very miserable. Although my arrival was announced in all the New York papers, and my movements duly chronicled, I was spared all this unhappiness. Only once or twice did I encounter those very sad types of the shabby genteel in faded shiny coats, but with the manners, the voice and features of the gentleman, now reduced to earning a pittance as a voluble canvasser, or looking like an adventurer. I cannot easily forget these pathetic figures that grate so on heart and nerves.

I am not conversant with all the means provided in New York and other seaport cities, for maintaining the countless strangers until they are self-supporting, but it seems to me that it would be a divinely rewarded service to care for such beings who have once stood so high, and must therefore feel the more severely the pangs of misery because shame is added to the bitterness of want.

One other glimpse into the misery of life was accorded me, one that strangers rarely see. We traveled from Boston to Baltimore through New York by rail, and on the Hudson, our entire train was

transferred to a ferry-boat and thus carried around the lower part of the city and up the East River to the junction. Two or three hours were consumed in this trip, and we had an opportunity of seeing a side of life, or in other words, the reverse of the picture presented by glorious New York, and which the prosperous and happy do not willingly look upon. All these city institutions on the islands separated from the great central intercourse, we had a view of as we steamed slowly past—of hospitals, infirmaries and alms-houses for old men and women, and asylums of different kinds. How singular it appeared to find old couples who were not allowed to live under the same roof, but must meet in specified places, and at certain times. Here to their rendezvous these gray haired married pairs go with faltering steps, so different from the meetings of long ago, when they were brown haired lovers with laughing eyes. I saw many of these groups on the steps in animated talk, but certainly the topics were not the same as those of fifty years ago.

Then we passed by with a secret shudder the insane, who were crouching by the door of the asylum, many hundreds together in the sunshine—a disconsolate, hopeless sight. We were so close to the shore that we could see their faces quite plainly, old and young men and women, negroes and even Indians were among the number. Escape from the asylum is well nigh impossible, for high walls of masonry

surround it on one side, and on the other hand is the water—and the water is so deep and swift.

As we passed by the orphan and foundling asylums we saw children of all ages playing in the sand, and from the windows of the latter institution garments of all kinds were hanging to air or dry, and this decided country-like effect amused me very much. But then came something terrible, the sight of convicts heavily chained and harnessed to a wagon, with the overseer armed and watchful. Penitentiaries must be a necessity when one thinks of what dregs of mankind settle in this crowded city, and yet these sights present a strange contrast to the statue of Liberty in the background.

But among my remembrances gayer, brighter pictures of New York and its harbor remain with me happily. When visiting strange cities I gladly seek out that quarter which lies apart from the elegant residence portion, and where one can see the real life of the common people. So with my dear friend Mme. Kraus-Boelte, I drove many times through the narrow streets in the neighborhood of the docks, and enjoyed the side of life I saw there depicted. A decidedly Southern impression was recalled on seeing so many negroes, and piles of fruit displayed for sale on tables in front of the doors, and in between all the traffic were bright colored wagons or omnibuses where hot food could be obtained all day or all night. Of course black cats appeared in numbers here on the

streets too, but I noticed very few dogs. But everywhere in this district, on street crossings and among the crowds on Broadway the greatest order prevailed, with the protecting policeman always in evidence with his peculiar helmet and short club.

When one sees all these types in the seething, moving mass of mankind, one thinks of the Brownie Book which parodies them so charmingly. How wonderful it must seem to the old people to watch not only the almost incredible growth of cities like New York and Chicago, but to note the rapid progress and development everywhere going on. I received a picture of the Fifth Avenue Hotel as it stood fifty-five years ago,—a small house from which the “Stars and Stripes” gaily fluttered, with a veranda for guests, and fields all around it—now this hotel is like a palace set in the midst of the busiest thoroughfare, and around which flows the unceasing stream of a great city’s life.

Delightfully interesting are the trips in the ferry-boats that ply on the East River to Brooklyn and to the railroad stations. Here one is carried among the crowds of large and small ships of all nations and into the foamy waters of the ocean which shimmers in the distance.

A truly floodlike rain poured down during my last few days’ stay in New York, and I feared I should have to leave America as I had entered it—in the rain. But fortunately our steamer’s departure was

delayed a day, and under the most beautiful blue sky and in almost tropical weather, I drove to the dock. With the pain of parting from all the dear, good friends, was mingled the hope that I might sometime welcome them to my own home. The Americans love to travel, and it is their heart's desire to see Europe once at least. There is a conscious and an unconscious homesickness—and no doubt it is the latter which prompts the Americans' mighty longing and draws them powerfully across the ocean to the mother country. It is indeed the old one, they say with emotion, for many of them have had the old homes and country pictures from their parents and grandparents. Even after generations have lived in the New World, which has long since become their home, a powerful magnet draws the most patriotic Americans to the old country, "the land of their fathers." It is the unconscious, inherited homesickness.

It is a charming custom in New York to cheer the parting guests by escorting them to the steamer, where, surrounded by friends and acquaintances, the traveler sees many greetings in faces and eyes, and as the dock is cleared, looks out on the hundreds who are peering through the windows and doors of the wharf sheds, and waving adieux with their handkerchiefs. Through the tears of parting sadness, gleams the comfort of love and sympathy.

Long after the dear faces had vanished from my



bedimmed eyes, I looked back on the magnificent, incomparable harbor of New York, with the gratitude of a deeply touched heart. *Farewell, farewell, wonderful, beautiful country, where mankind, while striving hard for the material, has not lost that which alone makes life truly worthy of man—the aspiration toward the Ideal.*

THE END

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